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By Way of the Torch

Once again he struck at the Nazis—the man who brought hope to conquered countries.

DR. GRISKA'S voice was as dry as the leaves outside the tumble-down shed, as he said, "Le Flambeau! Maybe he will never come. Maybe he is a myth. Maybe he is like this will-o'-the-wisp called freedom that we have followed so long."

Listening to him, Leni felt her heart mount into her throat. Maybe Le Flambeau was not real. Maybe this man they called The Torch was as elusive and ephemeral as the hopes that had brought all of them across the width of France.

Beside her, Paul moved in the straw. His voice was a husky whisper as he said, "No. No. Le Flambeau will come."

"He will come, brother. The Torch will come." She tried to put assurance into her voice.

She could not see the Englishman any more than she could see any of the others in the darkness of the shed. But his deep chuckle was strengthening. His voice was strongly positive, as he said, "Just 'old your 'orses, chum. 'E'll show up, all right. But 'e won't make a bleedin' parade of it."

Leni sat thoughtfully, stroking her brother's forehead. Sometimes the tale of The Torch took on a legendary cast. Leni had never seen him. She and most of the others, knew only his symbolic name, The Torch. He was an Englishman, who moved like a flame in the darkness that was now Europe; shining as a beacon before the unconquerable ones who still fought on against the Nazi conquerors.

She had heard of him first in her native Brussels, when she and Paul had worked with the others carrying on underground propaganda and sabotage.

When one of them became too well known, too closely hunted, to be of any more use, that one turned his face towards the Channel. If

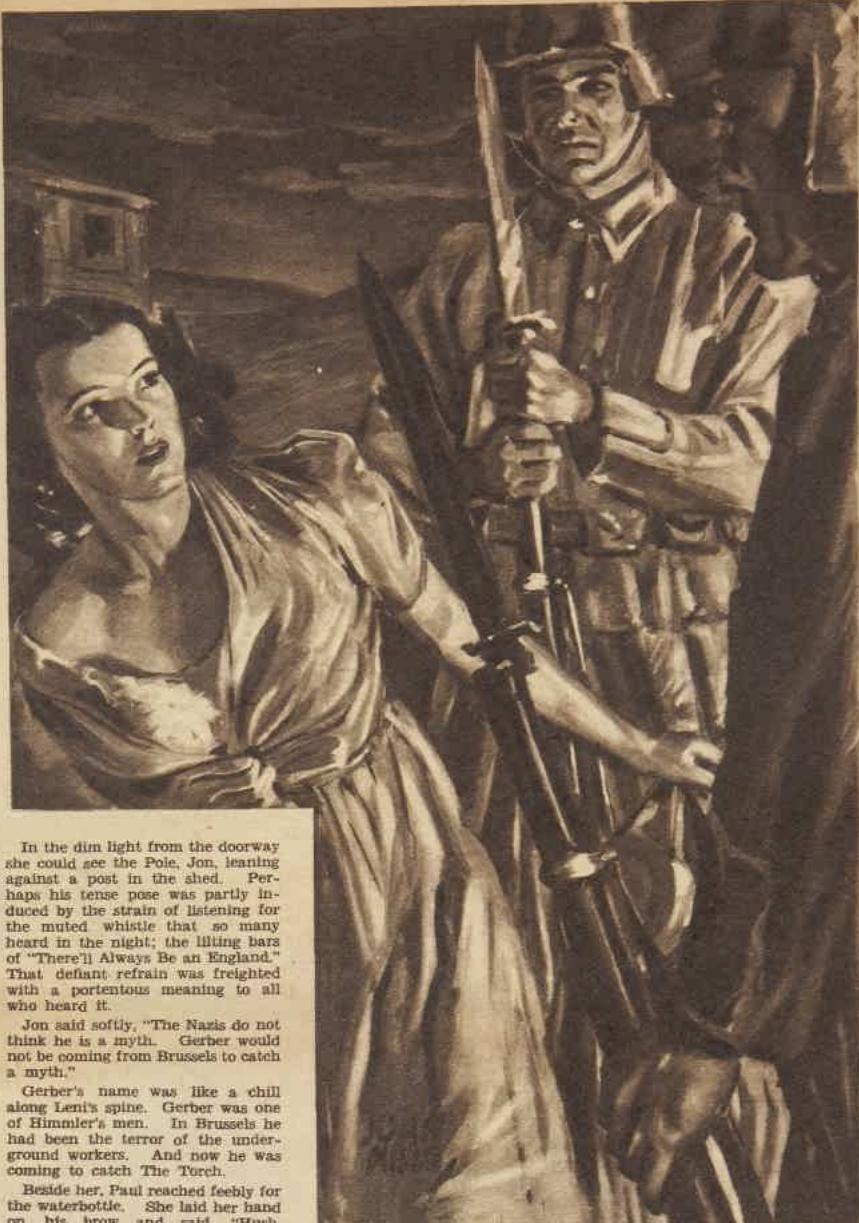
he could reach The Torch, all would be well. The Torch would see that he was ferried across the Channel to England. The Torch would whisk him through the iron ranks of the Nazis to safety.

Young men followed the perilous ways by night to reach him, that they might cross the Channel to serve with the armies of free men who were being trained in England. Men and women with secrets of Nazi moves and plans crept toward the Channel, hopes growing stronger as they neared The Torch. For he would see that their secrets reached England.

And now she, herself, was waiting to see him; hiding in his old shed with her wounded brother, waiting to be led by The Torch to the fortress that was England.

She knew that that same faith in The Torch was supporting her present companions. It was like that with Dr. Griska. Dr. Griska was a Czech and a famous chemical engineer. He had escaped from Prague into Austria; from Austria into Switzerland. The gleam of The Torch had been strong enough to lure him from that haven in order to cross the dark land of France; had inspired him to make the effort to carry his skill to England.

She could almost feel the renewed faith and hope of the men in the shed as the name of The Torch was spoken. There were herself and Paul, known to the Nazis now, fleeing with the dread Gestapo in pursuit. There was the Frenchman, wanted for the business of a derailed ammunition train in northern France and a bridge that had been blown up near Lille. There was the Pole, Jon. There was also the Englishman, with his cockney accent, who had joined them the day before with the word that The Torch was about to make his appearance.



Someone was entering the back door! Leni started up in fear.



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The knowledge gripped her with a dull, cold pain as she faced Oberleutnant Von Hause across the desk in the farmhouse he used for headquarters. "Ah, Leni, you gave us much trouble in Brussels. Colonel Gerber will be pleased to find you waiting for him," he said.

Leni made no answer. She knew what to expect from Colonel Gerber. There were those still in Brussels

pulled up and Colonel Gerber alighted and entered the office.

His heels clicked sharply and his arm jerked up in salute. He snapped, "Herr Hitler!"

The gesture with which he tossed his wallet on the desk before Von Hause was a studied insult. "My papers and authority, Oberleutnant."

Von Hause glanced at Leni as he said, "The girl is one you tried to catch in Brussels. She is the one known as Leni Cordonet."

Leni shrank back against the wall as Gerber turned and stared down at her, his voice purring as he said, "Ah, the little Leni. What luck! You were a naughty little girl in Brussels, Leni. You chose your companions unwisely. You shall

"I can imagine, Oberleutnant, just what you have done. A cordon of men around the spot where the refugees are hiding; a strong, alert cordon."

Von Hause made no answer. His eyes were glazed with baffled hatred as he stood before the lash of Gerber's scorn.

"I suppose, Oberleutnant, that you expect The Torch to walk into the arms of your men as if The Torch were a fat sheep."

Sharp authority crackled in his voice: "That, Oberleutnant, is why I have been sent here. It is because of such tactics that this Torch has laughed at you for months. Have the men around the hiding place recalled at once."

Please turn to page 4

By BERTRAM FOWLER

THE HOMER PIGEON

Complete Short Story

*Miles from land,
their only hope
of deliverance
a slender bird*

HENRY'S only baggage the mate observed was a small wicker basket. The steward lay on his side with this under his elbow, a protective attitude.

There were eighteen of them in the boat and they had been adrift now for three hours. The Norman Hall had carried thirty as crew, but these were all that survived. There was little talk among them; the sky had an angry brooding look of storm and each man knew his chances unhopeful.

The Norman Hall had been sunk two hundred miles from the Lizard. Engine trouble had lost her from the convoy; a German aircraft had found her. The first salvo of bombs wrecked wireless cabin and bridge. When the German departed the ship was a blazing hulk, with the remains of the crew afloat in the one undamaged boat.

The mate pretended cheerfulness. He knew it was going to blow hard from the north-east, that for several days visibility might be much restricted, with corresponding unlikelihood of their being found. But it was his task to provide optimism. He chattered to the steward for ally because the little Cockney, though a self-confessed martyr to dyspepsia and domestic infidelity, had a dry and irrepressible wit.

"Get some beer in the haakel, Henry."

"No, Mr. Wharton," replied the little man impressively. "I've got something more precious than that: something that'll likely be the saving of us. It's Joey."

"Joey?" The mate looked puzzled.

"Is pet pigeon, sir," explained a seaman. "He thinks the world of it."

Wharton laughed. "Well, Joey won't get very fat on this trip. There's nothing for him to eat and in the finish I expect we'll eat him. Provisions will be mighty short by the time we make land."

"Eat him, sir!" Henry was shocked. "He's a home."

"What's that?" The mate sat up straight suddenly; his eyes were eager.

"My brother-in-law breeds 'em—sils been a fancier, he is. This time ashore I stayed with him at his 'ome in Hackney, and when I was coming away he said: 'Times is uncertain, Henry, and you may cop a packet. I'm going to give you Joey. If you want to send me a message Joey will bring it.' He showed me how to look after 'im, and so I've got 'im here, and was waiting a chance to ask your advice, sir."

"But this is amazing," said the mate a trifle breathlessly. "This bird can carry news of our position. I know where the ship was when she sank and I can reckon probable drift and sail, more or less."

"Just what I was thinking, sir," observed Henry.

He drew from his pocket a tiny metal cylinder. "You put the message in here and it clips on 'is leg, see?"

Wharton had taken out his notebook and was already at work. The men talked together excitedly. "Bloomin' marvels, they are; find their way 'ome from anywhere." "We used 'em in the last war. When we took a trench—" "It's going to blow hard, ah, thinkin'. Mebbe he'll ne'er get there, just a wee burd in all that pothe."

"You wouldn't think 'e could go like a bullet strafe 'ome would you?"

"For God's sake take care, man: don't let him go."

The mate looked up sharply from his writing. "Give the bird some biscuit crumbs and water, steward. It's water they need mostly, on these flights, I believe."

Someone produced a tobacco tin; Joey was put back in the basket with water and food. He could be heard busying himself with it.

"There," said the mate with a sigh of satisfaction, "that ought to do the trick."

On a flimsy piece of paper in microscopic writing the mate had



"Shoo! Fly away!" Henry said coaxingly to the bewildered bird.

told the story of their plight and stated their approximate position.

Henry peered into the basket. Creeping unintelligibly he brought forth the pigeon and held it while the loaded cylinder was clipped into place. Then he set it down and it started pecking desultorily at the scoured wood, then stared owlishly at the faces surrounding it. The men watched with silent interest.

A fireman awoke luridly. "E ain't no good. E couldn't find 'is way from 'Arrow to Tighgate'."

Henry was terribly disappointed.

Perhaps I'd better shoo 'im." He made pushing motions with his hands, crying: "School! Fly away!" Joey appeared surprised, a n d waddled away from him.

"Aw, wring 'is bloomin' neck," said the fireman disgustedly.

"Whist, man!" cried the second engineer. "Dinna ye see the burd is preparing himself?"

With toes turned in and chest expanded, Joey stretched to his full height. He looked up at the sky and his eyes suddenly lost their dull stupid expression, becoming keen and eager with visions. He extended his wings and the men noticed how long and tapering they were, remaining some of the grace and power of a racing yacht's sails. Then with a leap and a clatter he was off, climbing like a shell from a gun-muzzle straight into the fiery

west. A lone voice raised a feeble cheer; the rest were silent, following the bird with dazed eyes.

"E's going wrong," whispered one man.

"Not a bit of it—he knows!" said the mate confidently.

The pigeon had gained height, now he turned, describing a wide circle about the boat. Intent upon his flight, this appeared to them wonderfully swift and effortless. His wings flickered rapidly, then closed, and with the momentum gained he shot through the air, turning on one side and the other like a hawking swallow.

"The bloomin' fool," groaned the fireman. "Why don't 'e go?"

Henry was terribly disappointed.

"Man," said a Scots voice, "does it not make ye feel small and helpless to watch you creature? He has the power we sadly lack—freedom to go where he wills, ye ken."

Joey had risen high. He broke his circle and headed away to the north-east. Straining eyes watched him dwindle to a speck in the overclouding sky.

"That course should lead him like a ruled line to London," declared the mate solemnly. He stared wide-eyed into the empty distance. "God speed you, Joey!" From this emotional lapse he emerged brisk and efficient again. "Now get that mast stepped and bend on the sail. We'll do what we can."

When darkness fell the wind rose to gale force. The boat rode at a sea-anchor; it kept shipping water and must be bailed out. Everyone was wet, and the wind sharp as a wolf's tooth. Once Henry paused in the work to say softly to the second: "E's heading right into the storm. Think 'e'll make it?"

"God knows," replied the Scot gloomily. "The creatures have wonderful endurance. I've heard."

In every man's mind was the vision of that slender bird, their hope of deliverance, battling hour by hour through the howling, forbidding darkness.

Joey was flying strongly into the teeth of the gale. It was like a huge invisible hand pressing him back. Suddenly gusts checked him; he dropped through holes and swung wildly up on enormous screaming squalls.

He was going home. He knew just where it was and he was going straight to it.

After midnight it began to snow. The pressure of the wind eased a little, through the blinding smother the pigeon maintained direction by that miraculous sense which man long since has lost. He did not fear the elements, but at one moment a great roaring object went

by him in the dark, shaking his heart with dread, causing him to swerve wildly away from a danger already passed. It was a Hudson, of the Coastal Command, late home from patrol.

Dawn broke grey and desolate. The clouds had passed and the wind moderated. Far below the sea was streaked with rushing white lines. Ahead stark cliffs defended a land of bright green fields and little hills crowned with fit woods. Joey was happy. The worst part of his journey was already over.

High above the cliffs, a speck against grey cloud a bird wheeled slowly, riding the air like a gull. But Joey did not mistake it. He had never seen a peregrine falcon, but knew this watcher for one of the fierce bandits of the skyways.

The falcon was coming on a long slant at great speed. Joey labored on desperately, trying to gain the land where some refuge might be expected. As the falcon came over him he began to zigzag from side to side, but always flew towards the land. The manoeuvre was futile the hawk with his superior speed followed every twist and turn. He closed and stooped, shutting his wings to fall like a stone. It was rough weather for that work but his only means of attack.

Please turn to page 25

By C. T. STONEHAM

In the "Land Army" now!

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BUT Von Hansen started to protest. His face was drawn and pale.

"Oberleutnant!" The word was like the flick of a whip. "Why do you suppose I was sent here? How many men have you lost on the beach patrols? How many refugees and spies, do you suppose, have slipped through your fingers? How many raids has this fellow successfully arranged?"

Gerber seemed to be amused at what he saw in Von Hansen's eyes. "There are those above me who know all these things, Oberleutnant. And they are not pleased."

Leni heard another voice outside the door, a servile voice.

Von Hansen glanced toward the door, then said to Gerber, "I have had a man with this group of refugees for a week. He led them to this refuge of theirs. Through him I arranged this trap."

"Ah, yes, Oberleutnant," Gerber drawled, "the Polish pig! We have heard of him. He is outside. I take it. Give him enter."

The Pole whom Leni knew as Jon was careful not to look at her as he came into the room. He stood before Gerber, cringing.

Gerber screwed the monocle in his eye. His drawl was openly contemptuous: "So this is your creature, Oberleutnant. And you hope, with the help of such vermin, to intercept The Torch?"

To the Pole he said, "So you have been with these refugees for a week. Have you seen this fellow, The Torch?"

"No, Excellency. But there was a man of his with us—an English-

man. He brought word that The Torch would meet us."

"Indeed. And this Englishman is now where?" Gerber demanded.

Jon's cringing became abject. "I know not, Excellency. He left us a short time ago, promising to return with The Torch."

"Pah!" Gerber sneered. "Why do you suppose he has disappeared? Why, you fools, to tell The Torch about the blundering asses who surround the meeting place. I begin to understand, Oberleutnant, why The Torch has eluded you so long."

He swung on Von Hansen. "Have your men recalled, Oberleutnant?"

Von Hansen walked to the door, barked guttural commands. Leni could hear the tramp of feet as Von Hansen came back to the centre of the room, his face livid.

Gerber turned to the Pole. "Go back to your refugees and wait."

When the Pole had gone, Gerber snapped, "One of my men has seen The Torch. He saw him and lived to tell about it. He will be helpful now." He raised his voice. "Albert, bring in those clothes."

The man who came in was a brown-shirted S.S. trooper. He had a roll of clothes under his arm: a pair of khaki dungarees, a soiled khaki shirt, a pair of rubber-soled shoes. He laid them on the table and watched Gerber, his face impassive.

"You had your Polish shepherd bring your flock of lambs to the slaughter, Oberleutnant. If you have not frightened The Torch away with your blundering stupidity, we shall catch him. They wait for The

Torch to come."

Something went out of the room with him, something ruthless and forceful. She shivered as she thought of him approaching the refugees. They would have no chance against Gerber. The Torch would have no chance if he came.

Utter hopelessness engulfed her. It had to end this way. The Torch had gone his elusive way, mocking men like Von Hansen. But now men like Gerber were after him. Tonight was the logical end to his career. She sat through time that stretched endlessly. It was all over—all the hopes and dreams. Outside the night was as silent as the grave that France had become.

She came erect suddenly, trembling as the night outside exploded into sound and light. Searchlights stabbed the darkness, gunfire split the night. There were the rending, lighter explosions of hand grenades.

Von Hansen came upright with a jerk, his eyes wide in alarm. He snatched for the telephone as it rang shrilly.

He snapped harsh gutturals and listened. He hung up and faced the junior officer as he ran into the office. "The English are landing on another raid," he snapped. "It is that swine, The Torch. He arranged this. Now let the Herr Colonel show how smart he is."

Please turn to page 8

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"WHY DID you betray that secret I told you, Mopsy?"
"I found I couldn't keep it, so I told it to someone who could."

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 19): A mixed week, so go cautiously. June 17 (after 9 p.m. only) and June 19 (around dusk) fair. June 20 good during forenoon and late evening; June 21 (near sunrise) bad.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Uncertain for most Taurians, as routine tasks need June 21 (late afternoon) mildly bright.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): June 18 (forenoon and late evening) very fair. June 19 (after 9 p.m.) and June 20 (around dusk) fair. June 21 (near sunrise) and midday bad. June 22 (near sunset) fair.

CANCER (June 22 to July 22): Plan ahead for good times come soon. Many while June 18 (morning) and June 17 (near sunrise and mid-afternoons) and June 21 (from 3 to 6 p.m.) good for ordinary tasks.

LEO (July 23 to August 22): Modest opportunities and advancements of chance possible on June 17 (after 9 p.m.), June 18 (forenoon and near midnight), and June 19 (around dusk).

VIRGO (August 23 to September 22): Avoid changes, risks, discord and obstructions or delays on June 20 and June 21. Things improve soon. June 22 fair.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 22): June 17 (afternoon) can be difficult for ordinary tasks.

late evening helpful. June 18 (forenoon and evening) very fair. June 19 (around dusk) fair. June 22 can be confusingly good and bad.

SCORPIO (October 23 to November 21): Plan for better times very soon. Meanwhile get routine tasks in hand. June 18 and June 19 (to 2 p.m.) and June 21 (earlier hours) fair.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 to December 21): Be patient and cautious on June 20 and 21 (mornings especially). Lesser partings, quarrel falls and upsets will follow restlessness.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Make a last bid to get important and urgent matters completed on June 21 (late afternoon) or let them wait. June 22 and June 23 can be difficult, upsetting and confusing.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 18): Be cautious on June 17 (afternoon). Important and urgent affairs are not completed, try June 22 or 23. But no cautions.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): A very confusing week, so go slowly. June 20 and 21 may bring seclusive conditions and disorder. June 22 (midday) brings the first stirrings of opportunity and better times. Plan for coming weeks.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest and amusement. Responsibility for the statements contained in it rests with June Marsden. She regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.

"DANNY DANDRUFF"

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MANSION ON EARTH

• "Guardian of the family spirit" they said of her, but did not guess that she alone was free.

Complete short story

By ANN WEST

ALEXANDRA woke to see the net curtain blow straight inwards from an open window and sharp spurts of sleet fall on the rug. A small flat could have been housed in the vast bedroom; but there was only one small gas-fire in a corner.

Alex knew what sort of day it would be. Mrs. Higgs would come to wash and the scullery would be cold and Mrs. Higgs would grumble. Who wouldn't? It was the first of the month, too. At that remembrance, Alex pulled the sheet over her head. Her mind spun frantically round the family: Nick, Brenda, Ursula, Dan. No hope, No help from them.

"Miss Alex?" Old Maggie, with a face like a prune and a voice like a pickle, entered on her knock and stalked across the room to close the window. "The boiler's burst again," she announced with gloom.

Alex said wearily: "You'd better call the plumber and turn off the main."

Maggie looked at Alexandra with utter disgust. "I did," she announced, "and now, if you don't mind, I'll go and mop up the floor."

"Yes, Maggie, do." Alexandra made her tone dulcet and flattering. "And Maggie, if we could have some of your wonderful potato cakes—"

"I'll make some for you." Maggie's emphasis proclaimed her utter disinterest in the culinary preferences of the rest of the household.

As a servant she was a liability. But no one dreamed of sacking her. She had been with the dashing Exeters since Nicholas, the eldest, was born.

Alex shivered into her clothes. Before she reached the stairs, Brenda charged into the hall, a warm dressing-gown pulled about her.

"This iceberg!" the younger girl wailed. "Nick!" she shrieked, "are you never coming out of that bath-room?"

Nick made no response, which was his own brand of insolence.

Brenda did not appear, at the moment, the dramatic personality her friends knew. Her dark eyes squinted with discontent; her black hair, so satiny and Spanish by day, hung in wisps about a face gone haggard and sallow from late hours and too many cocktail parties.

Recalling something, her manner changed. "Oh, Alex—I'm having some people to tea this afternoon. To meet the explorer, Breck Stanton. I forget where he's been exactly; but he has written two sensationaly successful books about it—I don't remember the titles—I haven't had time to read them . . ."

"Better inform yourself, Brenda, if he's to be the guest of honor. Monday is a bad day for a party. How many?"

"I've asked dozens by telephone, but I've no idea how many will trek all the way out here—though

that man is a bait. Fascinating. I met him at Katrina's."

And had to give a party for him, Alex divined, as the only way to meet him again.

"We'll want lots of cocktails, Alex," Brenda instructed, "and a tea-table and plenty of food. Sandwiches . . ."

Nick dashed across the hall in disarray and an aroma of shaving soap. "Don't let little sister pull your leg, Alex," he drawled.

Alex said, "If you've given the invitations, the party must be held. But Brenda—"

"Must you hold a meeting in the hall?" Dan roared from his room. Dan got in at three and needed his sleep.

"I haven't a second now, Alex," buzzed Brenda and vanished.

It was always like that. Alex could never pin them down, individually or collectively, for a practical conference. They were quicksilver.

She went down one of the curved twin stairs. She had never outgrown the childish pretence that she was a queen when she descended those broad steps. But the illusion was not strong this morning—wearing her oldest dress and with teeth chattering.

Half-way down she paused to survey her kingdom. She could see across the great double drawing-rooms, done in gilt and upholsteries in the old French manner. On the other side was the sombre richness of the library with its thousands of books and priceless furniture.

Very impressive. The early Exeters had done their pompous best; even to the one tin bath.

Suddenly, with all her soul, Alex hated that house. It was a shocking sensation; as though she had begun to loathe someone she had deeply loved.

Surely life could not go on and on like this. She was young, still young. Or she could have been. Suppose they married and went away—Nick and Dan, Brenda and Ursula; suppose there should be nothing left to her but this vast place . . .

She was behind the teapot when Nick appeared at the table, looking as fit as only Nick could. He was a barrister and a good one; but his profession was merely a stepping-stone to his ambitions. At thirty he had the potentialities of a statesman.

He had, too, the gift of money-making. Alex sometimes wondered what became of it. Good tailors, a fine office, and two exclusive clubs could not account for all his income.

"Hof ies, quick, Alex!" he implored. "My dear, your lovely nose is pink. We should be a hardy family: we endure the rigors of the Arctic." And to Maggie who had just stalked in: "Ah—potato cokes! Maggie, I shall certainly bring you a bunch of blue ribbon from the fair."

"Humph!" Maggie snorted, knowing he never brought anything to anybody.



She stood against the railings watching the fire mount higher and higher.

Alex was still lost in sombre thoughts. She looked about the dining-room that would have been adequate for a banquet of State; at the massive old furniture in need of refinishing; at the Persian carpet brought to England specially for the room when it was built, and the heavy old silver on the side-boards. Grandeur waning. The ghosts of pride.

Years before the smaller breakfast-room adjoining had been abandoned because the ceiling threatened to fall on their heads.

Alex said, for the first time in her life: "Why don't we move into smaller quarters, Nick, where we could simplify our lives and—pay our bills?"

He put down his cup in amazement.

"Give up The Oaks? What an extraordinary idea. This house is a

part of our lives, Alex. It's background. An Englishman's home is his castle, you know. But you're joking, of course."

"No . . ." she murmured. But Nick had already returned to his breakfast and morning paper.

She studied him through her lashes. She understood him better than he understood himself. He had, in fact, no vestige of sentiment concerning The Oaks. It was merely a factor in his prestige.

Last week he had brought home to dinner a famous man. The guest was obviously impressed. One did not discern the decay in the dim radiance of candlelight. The great man had said to Alex: "And what in this family of talents and attractions is your particular flair, Miss Exeter?"

Please turn to page 19

THE INCREDIBLE JEEP

Packed with humor, our new serial
is the author's best novel since
"Mr. Deeds."

By CLARENCE B. KELLAND

ULYSSES TECUMSEH CLAP was not warlike, though he was named after two of America's most renowned generals.

This was due to the fact that his father had been a student of the Civil War. That is to say that the late Mr. Clap had been the owner of autobiographies of Ulysses S. Grant and William Tecumseh Sherman, which he had read constantly and exclusively all his life.

Mr. Clap's vocation in life had been that of a tinsmith and from it he derived a comfortable living.

Ulysses Tecumseh inherited the tinsmith's business and the two-volume library. His first act of ownership savored of vandalism, for he burned the autobiographies in the kitchen stove.

During his whole lifetime he had been exceedingly bored by Messrs. Grant and Sherman, having listened to little conversation that did not stem from their careers. This had also given him a vast dislike for wars.

Ulysses Tecumseh was twenty-five years old, six feet and one inch in height, and very slender. His contemporaries in public school had been known to refer to him as "Beaupoile," and the custom had spread throughout the village.

He was handy with tools, not alone the implements of the tinsmith's trade. He liked to invent things that became something else by a simple twist of the wrist, such as a plant stand that folded into a step-ladder, or a combination carpet-beater, tack-puller, and carpet-opener.

Ulysses Tecumseh did not invent these things with the hope of financial gain. He did it because he liked to do it. He loved the element of surprise, and it made him very contented when he pressed a button or pulled a lever and a bookcase suddenly shuffled itself into a card table and four uncomfortable chairs.

His knowledge of mechanics was profound, but his information upon current events was negligible.

As for the war in Europe, Ulysses Tecumseh was aware of it but he disapproved of it. He had no interest in its progress and did not like to hear it discussed. It was just another war, and he had listened to all the war talk from his father that he could endure for a lifetime.

His attitude towards it, if he had any attitude, was that it would only produce more eminent generals who would write numbers of boring autobiographies, and so add to the misery of countless sons who would have to listen to their fathers talk about them.

He was making some repairs upon Mrs. Kent's kitchen utensils when his friend, Chubby Bowen, burst into the shop.

"Come on," Chubby said excitedly. "Come on where?"

"To register."

"Register? For what?"

"The draft," said Chubby. "It's the law. They passed a law."

"Seems to me I heard something about it," Ulysses Tecumseh said without interest. "I don't want to bother with it."

"You got to," said Chubby. "It's a law, and when there's a law you got to. They put you in gaol or somethin' if you don't."

"Don't know anything about it," said Ulysses Tecumseh.

"You register, and then there's numbers pulled out of a hat, and if it's your number you got to go and be trained for a year."

"Ridiculous," said Ulysses Tecumseh. "I'm trained for all I want to be trained for. Tell them to go get somebody else that wants to be trained!" He paused. "Trained for what?"

"To be a soldier."

"I don't want to be a soldier." "You got to if they draw out your number," Chubby said stubbornly. "Now, you come along before you git into trouble."

"I don't," said Ulysses Tecumseh. "see what people have wars for."

"You ain't supposed to," said Chubby practically. "You're a citizen, ain't you? Well, who's going to fight wars if it ain't citizens? I've studied about bein' a citizen, and you ain't. You don't study about anything but inventin'. Bein' a citizen is like, say, belongin' to the Elks. Only more so."

"Once a year you vote and elect officers, and the rest of the time you do like you're told, only you're allowed to hang around the club rooms."

"I'm not an Elk," said Ulysses Tecumseh.

"You ain't never been anythin' that gives you discipline," said Chubby. "If a citizen ain't got discipline how's anybody goin' to boss him around? Tell me that."

"I don't want to be bossed around," Ulysses Tecumseh said. "I just want to be let alone to mind my own business."

"Well, this here time you got to quit mindin' your own business and register, or else go to the house-gow; see? Git your hat."

So Ulysses Tecumseh Clap walked down to the place of registration with some millions of his contemporaries and had his name and certain particulars inscribed in the records and then went back to his tinsmith's shop and promptly forgot all about it. The incident was recalled to his memory when Chubby dropped in to ask him what number he had drawn.

Ulysses Tecumseh fumbled around in the rubbish on his desk until he found the information.

"You got a high number," Chubby said. "They ain't apt to reach you for quite a spell. Me, I got a low one."

During the next several weeks half a dozen young men disappeared from Beecham. Chubby vanished, and broke up the parcheesi game that flourished on certain evenings in the tinsmith's shop, but otherwise Ulysses Tecumseh's life flowed along peacefully and absent-mindedly. There was only one incident that departed from the normal.

Ulysses Tecumseh was walking home to his midday meal, his mind lost in the study of hot-air furnaces. These devices were useless in the summertime and only cumbered the cellar. His present problem was to devise a furnace which, once the fire was extinguished in the spring, could be turned into an icebox.

He was working on a method of taking care of the water resulting from melted ice, when a small, rather shabby runabout drew up with a jerk, and a clear, imperative voice said, "Hi!"

Ulysses Tecumseh stopped, blinked, but did not quite arrive in the world of realities.



"Sound off, Jeep," said the guide. "Give the lady all the news."



haven't been to?" she asked.

"That," he said, "is not a sensible question."

"You never can tell about a question till you get the answer," she said.

"You do not live here," he said positively.

"Tell me how you deduced that."

"Because in Beecham we don't encourage girls to be smart alecks," he said, without rancor, but merely as an observation.

Somewhere she was not angry, because his tone and manner did not invite anger, but she was very surprised. She looked him over with awakened interest, and saw a boy who was taller than the ordinary and thinner, with a face that was far from handsome, but that was intelligent under its smudges, and somehow gentle and sensitive. The trousers of his overalls were inches too short, and his hair looked as if he had cut it out spring and autumn.

But his eyes were well separated and his head admirably shaped. He was something new to her experience—and interesting.

"What," she asked, "do you do?"

"I'm a tinsmith. And I invent things."

"Do you like it?" she asked. "I mean living here and being a tinsmith."

"Very much indeed," he said.

"Are you contented being a tinsmith and living in Beecham where—oh, where there is nothing to get your teeth into?"

"Contented? I am thoroughly contented."

"Are there any other places you

"You don't want to be rich or famous?"

"Decidedly not."

"Just eat and thin-smith and sleep!"

"And play parcheesi and talk," said Ulysses Tecumseh.

"Don't you," she asked, "want to get married and have a family?"

"I don't think I would like it."

"There's woman's work to be done here," said the girl testily, "and I don't think I approve of lotus-eaters."

"I'm not a lotus-eater," protested Ulysses.

"You'll do," she said, "until one comes along. But how did you dodge the draft?"

"The draft?"

"They've heard of the draft in Beecham, surely."

"Oh, that," said Ulysses Tecumseh. "There's something about numbers out of a hat or something. Chubby explained it."

"You mean they haven't reached your number?"

"That's it."

"Well," she asked, "what becomes of contentment when you get called up?"

"I haven't considered it," he said. And then, "I don't believe I'll have to worry about it," he said.

"Why not?"

"Disagreeable things always happen to other people," he answered.

"I don't think," she said slowly, "I ever saw anything just like you before. And I'm not sure I want to again. Can we now return to the topic of Trotter's Falls?"

"Jake can tell you—in the filling station two blocks ahead."

"Maybe," she said, "there's a direct road from here to Camp Lincoln."

"Jake'll know," he said.

"You'd better come along with me and find out."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because," she said, "it's a road you'll be travelling." She clucked. "I wonder what the army'll do to you. Or what you'll do to the army."

She pressed her starler and engaged the gear. "Who knows?" she asked.

"Maybe I'm destined to be an eyewitness. So long, lotus-eater. Likely I'll be seeing you."

The shabby little car whisked away. Ulysses Tecumseh stood and peered after it, and then he wagged his head helplessly and plodded slowly home. He was thinking that she was a very queer and disagreeable girl with very bad manners. There was nothing comfortable about her.

A girl like that could be very annoying. She had such a curiously eager, restless face with eyes that kept flitting about and never were satisfied with what they saw.

He tried to go back to the hot-air furnace and its metamorphosis into an icboos but the girl had upset him and his mind would not work along those lines.

His mother met him at the door. "They've sent for you to go down to the draft board to-morrow morning," she said.

Ulysses Tecumseh was resentful, resentful against the girl in the shiny roadster. She had brought him bad luck.

ULYSES

TECUMSEH CLAP struggled off the train bearing burdens. Upward of three hundred other young men debarked with him. As they approached Camp Lincoln they had pressed noses against window-panes in an effort to see to what sort of place life and fate had brought them willy-nilly.

The terrain was flat and brown, with that dinginess which is inherent in early spring, before rains wash away the refuse of winter and cover bareness with the green of foliage and grass. There were avenues of square tents and avenues of long, squat, dingy buildings.

There was dust which rose to choke you when army equipment went along the streets of the maw of a long, low building, on whose porch stood three or four men in the uniform of the army.

Ulysses Tecumseh was unhappy.

The train stopped, and they were herded out, to be aligned before the grimy little station. Ahead of them was the maw of a long, low building, on whose porch stood three or four men in the uniform of the army.

Busy non-commissioned officers shouldered the draftees into a slouching, incredibly unmilitary line. Ulysses Tecumseh looked at as many of his companions as he

could see. They were tall and short, well-dressed and ill-dressed, pasty-faced, hollow-chested, skinny, fat. Most of the faces were vacant to the verge of half-wittedness. This, though he did not know it, was a mask to conceal their feelings.

Their baggage was as curiously varied as their physiques. Ahead of Ulysses Tecumseh was a young man with a small, monogrammed, cowhide bag. Ahead of him was a chubby lad in a ravelled sweater who carried a parcel done up in soiled wrapping paper. There was a man with a steamer trunk and a couple of men with nothing, not even a coat, for they were in their shirt sleeves. It was a rabble, and an unhappy rabble.

Ulysses himself was well encumbered. First, carefully wrapped, he carried a parched board with men and dice. Then he had a rather largish box filled with such of his favorite tools as he could not bear to leave behind him. He also had an ancient Saratoga bag packed by his mother, containing his Sunday suit and numerous articles of underwear. In his hand he clutched a bug of sugared fried cakes.

A corporal, striding down the line, stopped and stared at him with hard eyes. "Come to stay a week-end did you, Jeep?" he asked.

"My name isn't Jeep. It is Ulysses Tecumseh Clap."

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Clap," said the corporal. "We're so glad to have you with us and to know you're planning on a nice, long visit. Bring your evening clothes!"

"I haven't any," said Ulysses Tecumseh, "but I brought my Sunday suit."

The corporal clucked dubiously. "Too bad. But you'll have to make it do."

A strident voice ahead bellowed. "Double file. Through the door. Keep moving. Snap into it."

The line staggered forward, mounted the steps, passed the little cluster of officers, who stared at them with uncomplimentary eyes. It passed into a long, narrow room with a platform and desk in the middle, where an officer stood with a stack of papers. Beside him on the floor stood a very soldierly appearing sergeant who looked like a dangerous man to thwart.

"When I call your names," said the officer, "say, 'Here,' and come forward. You will take this slip and go through the door at the back, where you will be given your kits."

Please turn to page 18

Page 7

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A.W.W. 242

THE junior officer said harshly: "This is no ordinary raid, Oberleutnant. From Port St. Ouer all along the coast they are landing in their accoured boats."

"They grow bolder, the pigs," Von Hansen growled. "They would try to frighten us. They will see."

He turned to the two soldiers, jerked his head towards Leni. "Guard her. See that she does not escape."

He ran out. She could hear his voice barking orders. Farther away she could hear the noise of battle.

Leni looked at the soldiers guarding her, and saw the explanation in their faces. Evidently the Englishman had silenced that machine-gun with hand grenades.

Leni bent her head, eyes closed, and prayed. She prayed that the raiders and The Torch had struck swiftly and savagely enough to save the little group in the old shed. Her own case was abandoned. But for the others there was a chance.

Her eyes opened, and she straightened with a start as someone dashed into the house from the rear. The two soldiers turned, their rifles leveling. They froze that way as Gerber came through the door, his lean, dark face fixed in a hard grin.

"Hello, Leni," he said in a voice that made her tremble in a way that she had not trembled before. "I've come back for you, as I promised."

She turned her head swiftly as another man, little more than a boy, came in the front door. He wore a khaki uniform, and Leni saw the Canadian badges gleaming on his shoulders. He had a sub-machine-gun cuddled under his arm. The gesture with which he swung the muzzle past the two soldiers was almost negligent. The two soldiers dropped their rifles and backed to the wall, hands held shoulder-high, their faces chalk-white.

The boy glanced past Leni to the man she had known as Gerber. He smiled and said, "They told us all to watch for you, sir."

Then Leni knew. She knew that this was The Torch. Somewhere, she knew, Gerber was lying dead. The Torch had caught him before he reached St. Ouer. He had taken his clothes and papers and walked in as Gerber. It was like the stories she had heard of him—of his cold nerve and insolent daring.

The Torch smiled. "Let's get going, boy."

The boy waved the Germans to the door. "I'll be watching you boys till we get away. No shots in the back." Then to Leni, "Let's go, sweetheart. Your boat is waiting for you."

The Torch said, "Run, Leni!"

She raced through the door to the street. There was a long, open German staff car, an English soldier behind the wheel, waiting.

As she clambered in the boy swung on behind. "Step on it, you Liverpool Irisher!" he yelled shrilly to the driver.

As the car shot away, Leni gasped

to The Torch. "The others? Did Von Hansen catch them?"

His teeth glinted in the eerie light as he smiled. "No chance, Leni. They are waiting for you aboard a boat. I walked them out under Von Hansen's nose."

Behind them rifle fire ripped like a torn canvas and bullets sang above them. The motor-cycles were roaring back. But there were fewer of them now.

Then she saw the tanks. They lumbered like prehistoric monsters over the far rise, outlined against the background of flickering gunfire. One of the tanks suddenly became the centre of a smashing explosion that canted it over. The other tank opened up with flaming guns. It was cutting down across their path. Beside the road a tiny figure rose suddenly: something large and bright jetting his hand in a shimmering arc. It struck the tank and exploded in a blinding sheet of flame.

Someone gripped her shoulder and flung her clear. In the light from the blazing tank she saw the face of the boy, serene and smiling as he lay sprawled on his back in the road.

A strong arm was under her, urging her to her feet. "Run for it, Leni," the voice said. Then he chuckled. "Thank God for that boy with the Molotov cocktail. He fired that tank, right enough."

Leni could hear the crashing monotony of waves along the beach as she ran. Then she was stumbling across gravel, splashing through the water. Capable hands were lifting her over the side of the boat that trembled with the pulsation of idling motors.

In the boat she stumbled over someone's feet. She glanced up. In the dim light she saw Von Hansen's face.

The man they called The Torch leaned over the side of the boat.

"I'll miss you, Von Hansen," he said cheerily. "Think about me once in a while."

He tossed something towards the German, something that glittered as it spun through the air. Von Hansen's hand came up in an involuntary gesture to catch it.

Leni almost smiled. It was Colonel Gerber's monocle.

The Torch called, "A souvenir from me to you, with love."

He helped the others push the boat out into the water as Von Hansen flung the monocle into the darkness with a snarl.

The Torch laughed. "If you see Comrade Hess over there, give him my best. Tell him I'll send a few more of the boys along to keep him company."

Then the boat was sliding free, lifting to the swell. Looking up, Leni could see the outlines of the tanks rolling down from the village, black and ominous against the horizon.

The Torch went back through the water to the shore. She saw him as

By Way of the Torch

Continued from page 4

he ran across the beach. Then he was gone. The speedboat came to life, and the craft shot forward.

On the beach guns barked and an exploding shell flung water over the boat.

Channel mist was rising like a wall in front of them, and the shore vanished with the tanks and the flaming muzzles of the guns. There remained only the crashing roar of their firing and the whistling of shells that sought them blindly in the mist, firing at the thundering motors of the speedboats.

Leni said suddenly, "Paul! Paul!"

She heard his voice faintly somewhere forward. Then she heard old Griska's voice saying, "Here he is, child."

She went forward in the crowded boat, with sympathetic hands steadyng her. She found Paul and dropped to her knees beside him.

Overhead the motors of planes roared.

Someone said, "Spitfires, lady. Don't you worry."

S

HE straightened up beside Paul and tried to look back. But there was nothing to see except the white wall of the mist that closed them in.

She had to close her eyes to see beyond that: to see a man, alone on a dark continent racing away from the tanks and the guns to find whatever cover he might: a man alone.

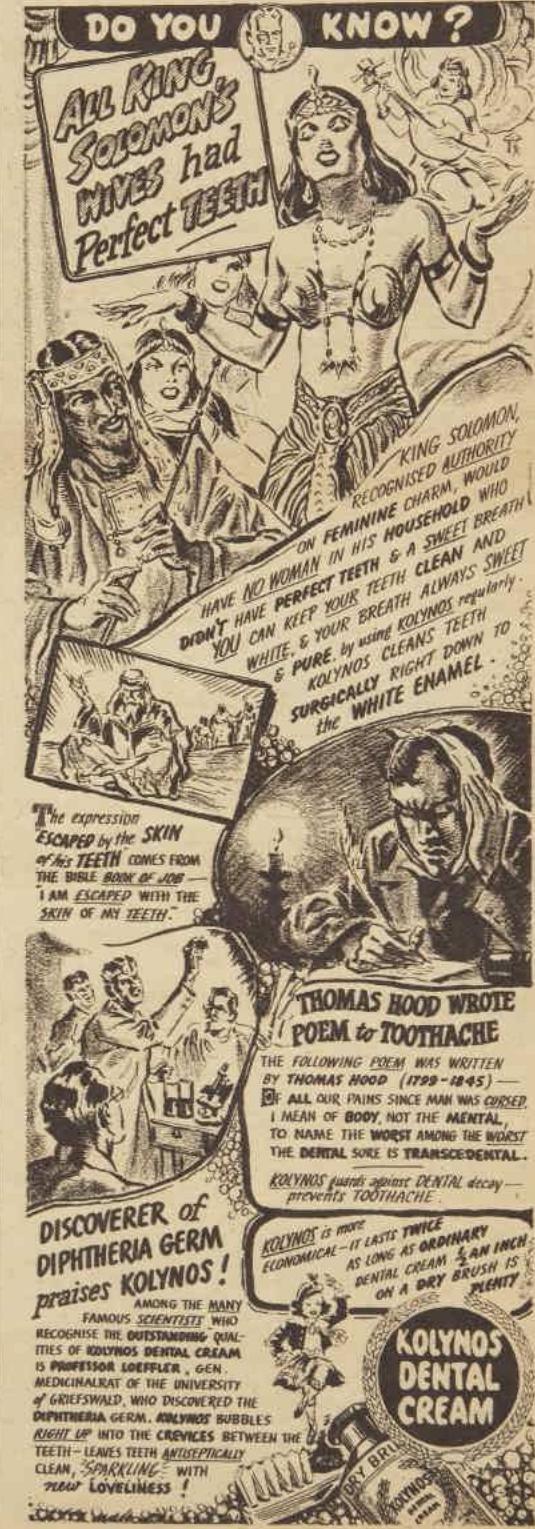
For a moment she lived again through those other nights when she had been the hunted; fearful nights and days of horror when she had hidden from the light of day. And this man knew nothing but that hunting—a hunting that was more terrible and unrelenting than she had ever known.

She thought of the other hunted ones like herself, hiding and fleeing across the dark continent towards the Channel and the beacon of The Torch. She knew then that the dark continent would never look so dark to her again, as long as he lived to bring hope and escape to a few of the hunted.

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YOU'LL always be lovely—with Pond's Powder in your rucksack or handbag. Pond's is all your dreams of a perfect face powder come true. Made with the softest, finest texture of all... incredibly soft and clinging... and Pond's Powder never shows up powdery, even in the strongest light... it's glareproof.

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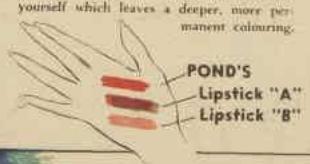
All chemists and stores sell Pond's Powder and Lipstick. Six exquisite shades to choose from.



Pond's Powder

MAKE THIS TEST!

Apply Pond's Lipstick to your palm. Beside it apply any other lipstick. Leave on four minutes. Wipe off excess, then see for yourself which leaves a deeper, more permanent colouring.



Pond's Lips

Pond's Lips Refills are now available at all chemists and stores.

Submarine Sunday brings war to East Coast



MANY HOUSEWIVES provided meals for the bomb disposal squads. These four — Mesdames A. Henley, J. Baker, H. Hook, and H. Wardman — managed to provide a hot meal in spite of the fact that they had been temporarily evacuated from their homes.

This is how Australians took the threat of a real blitz

Submarine Sunday!

War on the eastern seaboard of Australia and (apart from Darwin) our first taste of the real thing.

Midnight, the banshee wail of the siren biting into the peaceful night, a hurried search for gown, slippers, and the torch, a glance at the wide-eyed children strangely quiet and obedient, and a chill thought that OUR trek to the shelters had begun.

Thud of shells in the seaside suburbs and we were one with England and her bombed cities.

NOT all the blitz books and articles ever written can prepare people for the feeling of "the real thing."

The fear is at once greater and less than expected.

Greater in the cold, unreal sensation at the wail of the sirens, less in any visualisation of horrors that might come.

There are so many small things to think about.

"Did you bring the first-aid kit?"

"You remembered to turn the bath OFF, didn't you, dear?"

"Well, I've got my insurance policies, anyway."

In flats you see tenants who have never been sighted before.

People talk a good deal. Everybody is anxious to appear perfectly calm, and covers up by bright prattle.

One man proceeds to recall all the great disasters, earthquakes, volcanic eruptions and train smashes. Nobody listens.

Someone says: "Blast the Japs!" In the tone one would use to the milkman for being late.

Strangers produce scant stores of cigarettes and offer them round. And when the first alarm wears off there's one thought in a million minds — a nice hot cup of tea at the All Clear.

With the lights on again, household treasures seem more precious, the familiar things of home look brighter, more comfortable than before, and more secure.

You don't sense all this at once — it's the slow coming back to normal after the All Clear.

From the thousands of stories that hummed through offices, trains, and cafes on the morning after the shelling one salient, heartening fact emerged.

Most people did their level best to do the right thing. It sounds trite, but it is true.

There were, of course, excited people who switched on the lights, forgot some of the rules. But the incessant hammering of A.R.P. by lecturer, newspaper, radio, and film had its effect.

The injunction not to use telephones unnecessarily was heeded; there were few exceptions.

"My daughter got a bit excited," said one woman. "She's just had a baby, and her husband is in camp. She wanted to make four phone calls. I stood in front of the phone, and said: 'Oh no you don't, my



MRS. V. WESTCOTT brought out a tray of tea for the bomb disposal squad, who had had a tiring job after the raid.

girl. Those lines have got to be clear for the fire brigades and the wardens." She soon calmed down.

Concern for relatives caused the greatest worry. Mothers whose families were out had some bad moments.

"I wasn't frightened for myself," said Mrs. P. Levy, of an eastern suburb, "but my girl was out at a party. I was running round the house just like an actress in the films, saying, 'Where is that girl? What does she mean by being out at this time?' But then the front door bell rang and there she was."

Families checked up next day on family organisation.

Everyone agreed that there would be no more going to bed without air-raid clothes arranged in the right order. Disentangling clothes by the light of a shaking torch is something that only happens once.

One mother promptly arranged boxes so that daughter could climb through the bedroom window to get to the gas switch, instead of running round the house in the dark.

In a large harbourside block of flats one of the residents brought a large pad of cotton-wool to the shelter, and handed the people two small pieces each for their ears.

In a harbourside suburb, wardens were at their posts in record time. First there was a rather portly young woman.

The following morning one of her friends congratulated her on the speed with which she got to the post. "Well, first there gets THE gas mask," she observed.

In another block of flats, only three people were missing from the shelter. Speculation as to their

whereabouts did not cease until the All Clear signal was sounded, and the residents went trooping up the stairs to their respective flats.

On the stairs they met the three missing flat-dwellers, impeccably attired in fashionably-cut slack-suits, complete with hot-water bottles, thermos flasks, and rugs.

"Looking like a page from *Vogue*," said one of their delighted friends.

In a semi-rural suburb about 15 miles from Sydney and out of sound of the gunfire, two wardens on patrol saw a sudden burst of light on the next hillside.

"That's down my street," said one, and he set out hot foot to chastise whichever of his neighbors was guilty.

He found in his own orchard a bonfire lit in the afternoon had unaccountably chosen that awkward moment to flare up from the ashes.

His face was red.

London tradition

IN the tradition of London's blitz slogan, someone had chalked on Mrs. Richards' shop window, broken by the first shell: "To-day's quota blown out."

Joan Stockdale, aged seven, of Darlington, was not worried about the noise, but was worried about her pet cockatoo and the cat, and insisted on tucking them into bed with her.

Mrs. Doris Owen, an N.E.S. messenger, had no special duties when the Alert sounded, so collected all the women and children in her block of flats and held a sing-song in her own flat.

At suburban "battle zones" next



MISS OLIVE RICHARDS at the upper story window of her mother's grocery shop. The shell hit the footpath, shattering all the windows and damaging a quantity of stock.



THIS HEAP OF DEBRIS was the kitchen and washhouse in Mrs. McEacharn's home until a Jap shell hit it. In the foreground is the crumpled shell of the gas stove.

morning, N.E.S. posts seemed to have assumed a new importance. They had stood up to their jobs; were part of our proved defences now. Even their painted signs showed like a Scout's good deed in the sun-shine.

Many of the shell "incidents" would have been unnoticeable if there had not been groups of people sightseeing.

The crowds were neighborly and considerate. They were not so much "rubber-necking" as looking round to see what might have happened to their own homes.

In the shelled areas comments of the people sounded like bits from the Aztec book.

The same quiet humor, the same sardonic understatement.

"I put on my best corsets and prayed," said a Bondi woman. "To pray seemed the only sensible thing to do. Besides, Dad wouldn't get up. He said he would just as soon die in bed, thank you, and next day was his birthday. I don't know what that had to do with it."

It was like stepping into a picture of blitzed London to scramble over what were once Mrs. McEacharn's kitchen and wash-house.

Showing through a heap of bricks were a flattened gas-stove, the

troughs, tin and packets of groceries, the handle of a carpet-sweeper, the copper crumpled like paper, the remains of the ceiling hanging in one corner.

In the bathroom the door had fallen on a chair, and the hot-water bottle with a bright red cover was still hanging on its hook, and the bath was full of cement.

Cement and broken glass covered the bed in a back bedroom.

Over the whole house was a pall of grey dust. Mrs. McEacharn was having an al fresco lunch with her husband, a Lieutenant in the army.

"My hair is full of cement, and I haven't been able to have any sort of a wash," she said, explaining why she did not want to be photographed.

"I used to think all this fuss about A.R.P. was all hooey, but I think differently now," said Mr. L. Chapman, of a damaged area, who was trying to vacuum clean the disordered flat in which he and his wife had a hairbreadth escape.

A piece of shrapnel shot through one bedroom wall over the bed and through the other wall. Window-glass was shattered, thick chromium door handles twisted, heavy doors torn by shrapnel.

Continued on page 15

Editorial

JUNE 20, 1942

VICTORY AT MIDWAY

THE great naval battle off Midway Island has been somewhat overshadowed by the perils nearer home.

It is only human to be more excited by a shell splinter in your own bedroom wall than by a whole salvo of shells hundreds of miles away.

But second thoughts bring the Midway battle very close indeed.

The destruction of Japanese aircraft carriers and their birds of prey makes it less likely that next time the sirens wail it will mean that planes from such carriers are circling over our homes.

The damage to Japanese battleships, cruisers, and transports reduces the forces the enemy may be assembling for an invasion of Australia.

No doubt the American sailors behind the guns at Midway Island were thinking how each shot fired was protecting some little home in California or Texas, New York or Boston.

But the cheers for their successes sounded from Boston to Brisbane, and round to Birmingham.

Now that the danger is being felt in each one of our homes we mustn't forget to keep our eyes on the farthest horizons as well as on our own beaches.

It is a victory not to be measured in mere numbers of ships, but in the resurgence of the offensive spirit in the Pacific.

Here there was no retreat before a large invading force. Battle was sought and pursued to the bitter end.

This new spirit truly does put us "midway to victory."

—THE EDITOR.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY... By WEP

Three men tell of perilous adventures

A SERGEANT-PILOT who landed his burning plane safely in the Libyan desert, a wounded Digger who was rescued from a bombed hospital ship, a soldier who escaped from a prison camp after a first attempt had failed tell stories of perilous adventure in "Letters from our Boys" this week.

Sgt.-Pilot W. Mailey, D.F.M., in the Middle East, to his sister, Miss Beryl Mailey, Woollooware Rd., Cronulla, N.S.W.:

HAD an exciting experience during the last week.

"My engine caught on fire on the way back from a patrol and I had to crash land.

"My first thought was to bail out, but I was not high enough, so I rode it to the ground with flames leaving the engine all the way down.

"The ground was too rough for me to put my 'undercar' down, so had to do a belly crash landing.

"Fortunately the flames went out and I was able to get out of it with a few bruises and a bit shaken up, but I was flying again the next day.

"Another chap landed on a good patch near me to pick me up. We were just deciding what to do when a number of Arabs strayed over.

"After using my scanty knowledge of Arabic plus numerous hand signs and drawings on the ground we were able to ascertain where we were.

"The Arabs then asked us to come and eat at their camp, so for the experience and to rest my head, which was aching rather badly, we went along.

"They seated us on rugs in the chief tent and one of the women brought us in a huge bowl of fresh goat's milk. This was followed by a bread something like damper.

"Then sardines which they had found in an abandoned Italian camp, followed by a boiled egg each and another bowl of milk. We finished off with black tea.

"We decided to double-hank home, so I sat in the seat and Lew sat on my knee.

"He handled half the controls and I the rest. It is the first time a Kittyhawk has carried two.

"I was a bit stiff the next day, but nothing to worry about."

Pte. G. Power to his mother, Mrs. H. Power, Blake St., Wagga Wagga, N.S.W.:

I WAS in hospital in Tobruk with a leg injury.

"On a Friday I will never forget we were taken on a vessel loaded with sick and wounded and a lot of Isle and German prisoners, some of them wounded.

"About 9 p.m. when we were a few miles out, two enemy planes came over and dive-bombed us, hitting the stern of the boat.

"Down she went in three or four minutes.

"We all went over the sides like a mob of cattle over a fence, and was it cold!

"When I hit the water I thought I was never coming up again, and when I did I could not get off my back.

"But I think when the boilers burst the explosion must have turned me over.

"We were all in a heap together, but it was not long before we were like little black dots here and there in a very rough sea.

"A lot of woodwork from the wreckage was floating about, and we got some hard knocks from it.

I managed to get hold of a piece of board about 20 feet long, and hung on.

"Then I saw a boat in front of me and I could hear the others getting on board. I was frightenedly cold and could not see anything of the others now.

"I don't know how long we had been in the water by now, but things did not look too bright for us.

"Then what a shock I got. I saw a boat only a few yards away from me.

"When I asked the sailor to give me a hand up I think he got a big shock.

"When I was in the water I was thinking of a 'Pommy' who was in a bed next to me at Tobruk.

"When he would see the doctor coming round in the morning he would say 'My poor, poor, dear leg,' and I was thinking the same about mine.

"You would have thought a horse had kicked me over the left eye. It was so black and swollen. I had skin off everywhere.

"When we finally got on another boat you should have seen us. We had about two weeks' growth of beard, no boots, no hats. But my legs made up for a few things, as it was about as big as four legs.

"The sisters here are all very good to us, but it will be good to be back with the boys again."

Pte. D. Welsh, of Frankston, Vic., who escaped from a German prison camp, to Miss G. Nicholls, Caroline St., South Yarra, Vic.:

"THE Hun decided to shift us to Salónica by ship—6000 of us on two small steamers, and most of us had dysentery pretty badly. We were battered down for the voyage.

"Our food consisted of lumps of salt fish and mouldy black bread.

"After two weeks in this camp I made an attempt to escape with many others.

"We had discovered a sewer leading out of the camp, and about 50 men managed to get away by crawling nearly 300 yards on hands and knees through the filth and muck in that drain.

"I went down, too, but the man in front of me collapsed.

"The air was heavy, and I was gasping for want of fresh air.

"We all crawled back up the drain again. Then some fool dropped

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter or extract from a letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1.



SERGEANT-PILOT WAL MAILEY, D.F.M., wearing the Cross of Lorraine, gift from a Free French soldier.

Lets talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE



AIR VICE-MARSHAL G. JONES
Air Staff chief

APPOINTED Chief of Australian Air Staff and member of recently reorganised Air Board. Air Vice-Marshal George Jones, D.F.C., is responsible for organisation and works service of R.A.A.F. His duties include fighting efficiency, Air Force policy, selection of aerodromes, meteorological services.



MISS J. HALLAMORE
Industrial radiography
FIRST woman in Victoria to have job of technician in industrial radiography, Miss Joan Hallamore is attached to Munitions Supply Laboratories. She is in charge of team of girls who examine light alloy castings for aircraft. Is qualified medical radiographer.



LIEUT. JOHN RYMILL
In Navy now
ADELAIDE'S John Rymill, famous for his nine years' exploration work in North and South Polar regions, is now serving as lieutenant in R.A.N. Volunteer Reserve. Mr. Rymill is holder of the Polar Medal, with clasp, and David Livingstone Centenary Medal, presented by American Geographical Society.

Three years ago he abandoned his arctic wandering to develop his grazing property at Penola, South Australia.

"I thought it might be Fred..."



Mother looked for missing son among torpedoed survivors

By DOROTHY DRAIN

"Stoke up the fire quick, Mum, there's a boat full of men just landed on the beach."

That was the message that woke Mrs. H. H. Dennis at a New South Wales seaside town when the survivors from a torpedoed vessel rowed in from the sea at sunrise.

It was Mrs. Dennis' son Harry, a fisherman, who first heard the coo-e from the lifeboat.

"When he told me," she said, "for a minute I thought it might be Fred. We've had no word of our boy Fred since Java—he was in the A.I.F.

I KNOW it was silly, but you know the way women can't help hoping, and even when those poor things came in, all shivering and exhausted, I looked to see if, maybe, Fred might be among them."

Grey-haired Mrs. Dennis, who has lived all her life within sound of the surf where the boat beached, is typical of the townswomen who rushed to get food, beds, and dry clothing for the sailors saved from the sea.

"It made us realise," she said, "what war on our own shores really means."

When I went to visit the township late that afternoon there was still a knot of onlookers round the dark lifeboat, lying at high-tide mark on a beach where once Australian holidaymakers used to laze away peaceful days.

The wind-rippled pattern of the sandhills behind had been destroyed by hundreds of tramping feet.

War and death lurked within all horizons now. It still seemed incredible that they could lie within our horizon, men from a torpedoed ship could row on to our beaches.

Small boys scrambled over the boat, vied with one another on anecdotes of the morning's happenings. Even the fact that it was "picture night" faded in comparison with the drama of the day.

To their elders, who gossiped in the streets, over fences, in the bars of the local hotels, excitement was darkened with realisation of war so close at hand.

They had seen what men looked like after 36 hours of cold and hunger; heard what men felt who had lost their mates.

But they were proud, too, these townsfolk, and with good reason, of the speedy, unselfish help that had come to the aid of the ship's survivors.

A line full of salt-stained pyjamas hung in the backyard of Mrs. Dennis' home.

"I scrubbed and scrubbed them, but I couldn't get them any cleaner. They were so blackened from



MRS. SID BUCKLETON, first woman to see the approaching boat, points out the spot on the horizon where she sighted it to Mrs. H. Holmes.

the lifeboat," Mrs. Dennis said apologetically.

I never had a line of washing that

cloth before!"

Spread out to dry nearby were the men's lifebelts, still soaked with salt water.

"We lit a fire in the backyard, as well as one in the kitchen," she said, "and how they loved their cups of tea. It was a cup of tea they seemed to want more than anything, and I bet there are some short rations in the houses around for a while."

Another of Mrs. Dennis' sons, Charlie, was drowned five years ago on the same beach when trying to save a man. She brought out the medal of the Royal Life Saving Society, shining in its plush case, and the framed certificate for bravery.

"I know how the mothers of the ones who didn't escape must feel," she said. "I know, too, when I think of Fred, how those must feel whose boys came in safe in the lifeboat."

As the boat beached in the morning, news had flashed through the houses along the shore: the 25 survivors had been swept off to several homes until police arrived and made official arrangements for them.

Mr. Owen Ireland, the publican, who is a warrant-officer in the army, was home on week's leave, and produced cigarettes and rum for the sailors.

"Had to come home on leave to get some real excitement," he said.

Mrs. Sid Buckleton, whose house clings to the top of the sandhills overlooking the ocean, had by a lucky chance a pot of soup ready to heat up.

"I forgot yesterday it was Sid's day for going to town, and bought a shin of beef. He said: 'You needn't be doing all that cooking. I'll be away to-morrow.'

"Oh, well, it'll keep," I told him. But it went in five minutes this

"I must have been the first woman to see the lifeboat. I got up early and went outside, and saw what I

THE LIFEBOAT in which the survivors of the torpedoed ship rowed to a N.S.W. seaside town was the centre of a knot of onlookers all day, and small boys rushed away from school to play around it.

MRS. H. H. DENNIS hangs out pyjamas and lifebelts on her clothesline. Nearly all the survivors were in pyjamas, and few even had time to grab coats. The ship sank in four minutes.

"A batch of them, including the chief officer, came up to my place, and made short work of that soup.

"We rang the doctor, too, and he and his wife, who is a trained nurse, and Nurse Simpson, a private nurse, who lives nearby, went round visiting all the houses where the men were.

"I'm still trying to catch up on my housework. All day people have been popping in to ask about it. The way our house is placed, everybody realises we must have seen everything, and I've had 30 or 40 callers, some of them I've never seen before."

The three grandchildren of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison had the most exciting day of their lives.

Mrs. Harrison is looking after the children while their father, Norman Harrison, is in the Air Force and their mother in a munitions factory.

"As soon as I heard the news I

sent the elder children running for a couple of quarts of milk," said Mrs. Harrison. "Then I called out to Mrs. Holmes across the road. I never met her before, because she is only here on holiday, but she ran over and helped me get sausages and eggs and bacon for them."

"You might work for a day getting a meal ready and never see it appreciated the way that one was."

Mrs. Holmes collected some souvenirs in the shape of autographed ship's biscuits. But news got round among the local small boys, and by the afternoon she only had one left.

Meanwhile police rang Mr. Ambler, who runs a boarding-house in the township, and asked him to make up 35 beds.

"Guests all lent a hand," said Mr. Ambler. "We had the place ready in about ten minutes. Then everyone threw in clothes. I've only got my working clothes left for the present, and a good many of the guests will feel the cold until their own things come back."

Submarine Sunday brings war to East Coast

Continued from page 13

CHILDREN were out in the street even before the Alert sounded.

Outside Mrs. Richards' corner store, where the first shell landed, the children were picking up pieces of still hot shrapnel.

Next day they did a brisk trade among the sightseers selling fragments as souvenirs.

A business girl picked up a piece of shrapnel on the way to work. At the office a souvenir-hunter offered her \$10 for it.

"We sold this to the Japs at \$10 a ton," he said bitterly.

Judy, aged 7, and Anthony, aged 2, live next door to Mrs. McEacharn.

"Anthony was very thrilled with all the noise.

"Listen to the whizzers," he said to the warden every time a shell landed.

Judy told the adults of the party that she had been told not to panic and did not intend to.

Probably the soundest sleeper in Sydney was Mrs. Humphries, who lives next door to Richards' store. She had to be shaken awake after the shell had struck.

Washing day just didn't happen in many homes in the shelled areas. Lack of sleep meant a late rising among many families, and everyone went on a tour of the shelled areas.

Mrs. F. Whitney was an exception. She was unable to sleep after hearing the shells whistling past her flat windows and the worry of getting a sick husband moved to safety downstairs, so she started her washing a couple of hours after the All Clear, and it was dry before the first sightseers arrived in the district.

At a first-aid post in a large block of flats there was only one patient—a woman recently out of hospital who suffered from shock.

Competition was intense among the first-aiders, but the winner was an English woman who is a member of the N.E.S. She treated the patient, then removed her triumphantly to her own flat.

Heroes of the day were the four army bomb disposal squads who, after five months of special training, were having their first practical experience.

"When they were called out at 12.30 a.m.," said Sergeant-Major Henry, "they were all eager for the job. One of them was ill in bed with flu, but insisted on coming."

Sydney's first raid experience gave everyone a renewed admiration for the English people.

Weary business girls who had been on A.R.P. and first-aid duty during the Alert, wardens who had worked all night, police officers who were on duty the night and all the following day, Water Board officers and electricians frequently remarked, "Well, at least we'll get a good sleep to-night. Imagine being as tired as this for weeks on end."

Housewives who saw the damage in their neighbors' homes realised that raids are not only a matter of terror and courage, but also a matter of dreary discomfort and hard work.

Until you have seen even a slightly shell-damaged room you cannot imagine the dust and disorder that spread through the whole house.

One thought was uppermost among the neighbors who rallied round to offer help to the shelled victims:

Just where to start to clear up all that mess!

Preferred warmth to safety

ONE suburban householder organised his family into a shelter improvised with the dining-room table covered with a mattress. He installed his wife with rugs, the baby and the three-year-old, arranged armchairs around them, and went round checking up on the rest of the raid duties.

Five minutes later his wife, no longer hearing him on his rounds, called out tremulously, "Jim, Jim, where are you?"

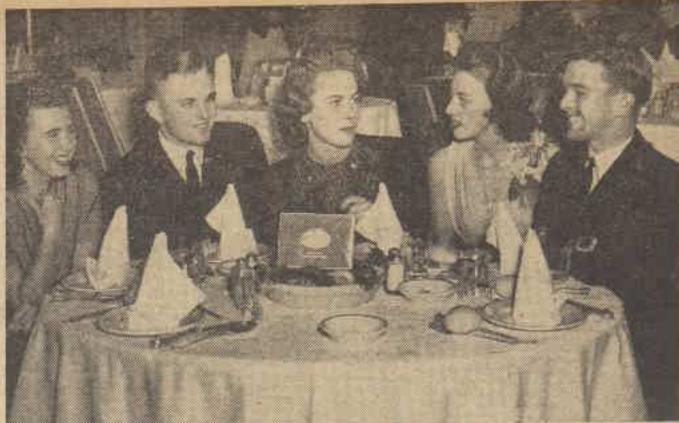
"In me flamin' bed, of course," came back the answer.



AT ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH. Dr. George Robbie, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Robbie, of Wangaratta, Victoria, and his bride, formerly Marjorie Proctor, daughter of Mr. M. B. Proctor, of Balgowlah.



NEWLY-WEDS. Lieutenant and Mrs. Robert Odell talk to their hostess, Mrs. Ely Palmer, at party given at her home at Pt. Piper. Sue and Robert leave at dawn next day to fly to New Zealand, where they will live.



CHEERY PARTY comprises Jill Roberts, Sub-Lieutenant Jim Buckland, Pat Thomas, Billie Forrest, of Quirindi, and Lieutenant Ken Syme at dinner-dance at Prince's. Organised by White Ball committee to raise funds for Industrial Blind Institution. Good cheque is result.



UNIFORM WEDDING: Helen Blaxland and Lieutenant David McDonald marry at St. Marks, Helen in V.A. She is daughter of late Rex Blaxland and Mrs. Blaxland, of Ranelagh, Darling Point.

Heard Around Town

LUNCHEON party at Pickwick Club given by Mrs. R. G. Bennett to celebrate her daughter Pat's call-up for the Australian Women's Army Service.

Pat reports next day to Victoria Barracks . . . she's to be an ambulance driver.

Guests are Mrs. Brunton Gibbs, Meg Polson and her mother, Driver Helen Ross, also of the A.W.A.S., and Helen Weiden.

Pat is daughter of Captain and Mrs. Bennett, of Vaucheste.

INTERESTING item from Melbourne . . . Mrs. Sidney B. Myer receives cable from her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Vallejo Gantner, announcing birth of their first child, a son born at San Francisco.

Baby to be called Vallejo.

THAT decorative young person, Mrs. Tom Porter, is now residing at Brisbane as her husband, Lieut. Porter, has been posted to a northern battle station.

Mrs. Porter, who was formerly June Perry, is making Belle Vue Hotel her headquarters.

NEW resident at Bowral is pretty blonde Ann Price Jones. Doctor's orders were "country life for the time being," so Ann joins family circle there.

Doesn't like idleness, takes job in solicitor's office . . . and studies first aid in her spare time.



IN TOWN for trousseau shopping, Joan Woodger (right) and Moira Ellis, who will attend her when she marries Squadron-Leader Frank Ellis on June 27 at St. John's. Joan is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Woodger, of Mugga Way, Canberra.

MAIN STREET at Merriwa to be scene of fete in aid of local Comforts Fund.

President of committee is Mrs. Mick Fairfax . . . her mother, Mrs. George Stogdale, goes to country to give her a hand with the organising.

Will be out of town for about three weeks.

QUIET wedding for Mary Palmer and Corporal John Price, R.A.A.F., who marry at St. Jude's, Handwick . . . John arrives in Sydney on leave from Port Moresby.

Mary, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Palmer, of Willow Tree, is attended by Mrs. J. Bullivant, who gives reception at her home at Belair Gardens, Vaucheste.

INTIMATE Gottings

A YOUTHFUL Australian soldier, Lieut. Selwyn Edgar, makes interesting speech at informal meeting which Lady Gowrie calls at Admiralty House.

Purpose of gathering is to launch street scheme appeal to raise funds for prisoners. Lady Gowrie could hardly have presented a more eloquent advocate for the cause of these men than Lieut. Edgar.

He was a prisoner of war in an Italian camp for a year, and was exchanged for an Italian prisoner.

After hearing him say how needed and how welcome the Red Cross parcels are, everyone is most enthusiastic.

It costs £32 to send a parcel each week to each prisoner, and it is hoped that residents in every street in Sydney and in the country will collect that amount.

"Seems so simple, I don't know why we didn't think of it before," says Red Cross Appeals Director, Mr. A. L. Blythe.

HECTIC week of trousseau shopping precedes Marjorie Nall's wedding to Squadron-Leader Hugh Birch at St. Philip's. Bride has lovely gown of white crepe with pleated skirt and sleeves embroidered with pearls.

Clover-pink moire for bridesmaid, Mayberry Bevan, who carries Cecil Brunner roses . . . and wears Hugh's bridesmaid gift, a bracelet of pearls and platinum.

Best man is Wing-Commander Dick Cohen.

Young couple have taken a flat at No. 7 Elizabeth Street for the time being.

Bride is youngest daughter of Mrs. H. G. Nall, and Hugh the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Birch, of Montrose, Victoria.

AM quite dazzled by hectic colors in new stock of flannelette being made into pyjamas by Metropolitan Air Force Comforts Fund . . . "hope our airmen overseas don't think them too bright," explains president, Mrs. Claude Vautin, "but they are wonderfully warm and we could only obtain the material in these vivid hues."

Members of fund have been doing grand work for airmen, their particular "babies" being the men of the No. 2 Spitfire Squadron, in England.

Experiencing the same trouble as most organisations just now," says Mrs. Vautin, "and that is lack of knitters. We have plenty of wool, and this is available for women to knit at home," she adds.

DIAMOND eternity ring is Lieut. Hugh Ross' wedding gift to his bride, Jean Milne, when they wed at St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street.

Jean chooses Old-World gown of white Chantilly lace with full skirt and demure short sleeves. Fingertip tulie veil falls from tiny tulie hat . . . early white hyacinths for bouquet.

Bridesmaids' frocks of blue net with Juliet caps of pink and mauve stocks for Helen Milne, Ninette Gibson, of Forbes, and Barbara Gilling, of Quirindi.

Jean is younger daughter of Mrs. M. Ryan, of Bellevue Hill, and Hugh is second son of late John Knox Ross, of Ardross, Harden, and of Mrs. Ross, of Lindfield.

"GRATEFUL for anything from an egg to an onion," says Mrs. Roland Foster when she tells me of jumble sale this Friday at 194 William Street.

Proceeds for the Musical Association's Benevolent Fund . . . parcels may be left at association's rooms, Pala-

Betty



BUYING FRUIT for Army War Comorts Auxiliary's cafe. Buntly Whitty (left) and Julie Dewez make their purchases. Cafe is at 77 King Street. Proceeds go to Lord Mayor's War and Patriotic Fund.



AFTER CEREMONY. Alistair Stephen, son of late Sir Colin and Lady Stephen, and bride, Diana Allen, at St. Mark's Church. Caroline and Martha Rutledge, daughters of Colonel and Mrs. Tom Rutledge, attend them.



MORNING WEDDING. Dorothea Marsden marries Sergeant Frank O'Donnell at St. Patrick's. Bridegroom has returned after two years' service abroad. Bride is daughter of late Dr. E. E. Marsden and Mrs. Marsden, of Liverpool, New South Wales.

HOME GUARDS here and in England



AUSTRALIA READY. When Dad's a Home Guard, preparations against invasion come right into the home kitchen. This picture was taken in a

suburban home in an Australian capital one Sunday morning. Son takes a hand as sergeant Dad gets ready for week-end duty and mother cooks.



IN ENGLAND, where threat of invasion has been close for two years, this companion picture was taken in a cottage at Dover. The men of this family,

too old and too young for the army, are Home Guardsmen ready to prove that an Englishman's home, like an Australian's, is still his castle.

HE lifted a paper and read a name. Then another and another were called, and men went forward confidently or diffidently, as was their nature, received their slips, and disappeared into the unknown.

"Ulysses Tecumseh Clap," read the officer.

Ulysses Tecumseh gathered his Saratoga, his tool kit, his parched board, and his fried cakes, and stumbled forward. He had no hands left free for any purpose. He stood before the ominous sergeant helplessly.

"Did you hear me say to sound off your name, Beano?" asked the sergeant.

Ulysses Tecumseh searched his face for something familiar. The sergeant called him by his nickname, but he was unable to recall the sergeant. "How did you know me?" he asked involuntarily.

"Know you?"

"Yes, sir. You called me what everybody calls me."

"Sure," said the sergeant, "everybody knows you. The colonel expects you to dinner." Then he exploded: "Sound off your name!"

Ulysses Tecumseh started so violently that the bag of fried cakes escaped and rolled over the floor. "A present for the colonel, no doubt," said the terrible sergeant. "If you haven't a hand free, take it in your mouth."

Embarrassed as he had never been before, conscious of hundreds of eyes upon him, but most conscious of the sergeant's glare, Ulysses Tecumseh staggered away through the door, down a ramp into another room, where there was a counter behind which were stacked blue duffel bags.

Ulysses Tecumseh pressed his stomach against the counter, a soldier slung across a duffel bag and took his paper.

"This batch to Company M," said a voice. "Over there by the guide."

A mousey boy was trying to open his duffel bag, but his hands were unsteady.

"Leave it be," said the guide.

"What's in it?" asked the boy.

"Personal kit. Just a nice present

for you. Mess kit, two towels, toilet articles, and the like of that. They're yours, Jeep. Yeah. For the duration. But if you lose 'em you got to buy new ones yourself. And watch your towels. It's always open season for towels."

"That's all for M. Company. Take 'em away," said a voice.

Ulysses Tecumseh found himself at the head of the line, which straggled down the dusty road behind the guide. The eyes of the newcomers busied themselves nervously in study of their new home, and there was nothing inviting about it. As far as the eye could reach on all sides were square tents, low buildings with overhanging eaves and a general dry, inclement brownness.

They came to a wider road, much travelled, where an M.P. stopped them, and they stood waiting for motor traffic to pass. A small motor-car came up from behind and stopped. Ulysses Tecumseh glanced sideways at it, and saw a shabby runabout with a girl at the wheel and a little boy of some five years sitting by her side. Their glances met and the girl raised her eyes. "As I live and breathe!" she exclaimed.

Ulysses Tecumseh did not reply. "Disagreeable things," quoted the girl, "only happen to other people."

Still Ulysses Tecumseh said nothing. "Cut out your tongue?" she asked.

"Sound off, Jeep," said the guide. "Give the lady all the news from home."

"How do you do?" he asked politely.

"Tolerable," she said. "And you?"

"Why, I think I am all right."

"So far," she said. "How are all the folks in Beecham? How did you leave the tinmith business? Did you bring any canned lotus with you?"

He could not understand why she would want to torment him. He had done nothing to her. His ears burned, but his companions in misery seemed to be enjoying the conversation,

The Incredible Jeep

Continued from page 7

"In Beecham," she said to the line generally, "they call him Beano-pole!" She paused. "Do you know," she said, "I had a premonition I'd see you again?"

"Ain't that the general's kid?" asked the guide.

"It is," said the girl. "Buster, salute the new soldiers."

Buster saluted after his own fashion. It consisted of touching the tip of his button nose with his thumb and twiddling his fingers. "They're not soldiers," he said distinctly. "They're jeeps."

"You mustn't say 'jeeps,'" rebuked the girl.

The M.P. motioned the column ahead. The girl whizzed past them, waving a hand, and disappeared around the next corner. The guide led them on for a half a mile to a low, new, two-story building.

"First eight men," he said, "follow me."

Ulysses Tecumseh and seven companions clumped after him through a rectangular room containing some twenty cots and up the stairs to a like apartment.

"You, Beano-pole, the first bed at the end," said the guide. "The rest of you in order."

A couple of soldiers napping on their iron cots raised on elbows to survey the newcomers. Ulysses Tecumseh toted his belongings to the designated bed, and was very glad to lower them to the floor. At the foot of each bed was a chest, and on the wall at the head were hooks. The bed looked inviting. The room was severe, but clean and neat.

"Shake down," said the guide. "Stay put while I deliver the meat. Chow in about twenty minutes."

He strode downstairs, leaving the eight draftees to their own devices.

"I wonder," said a boy with a receding chin, "when we get our soldier's cut."

A man raised his head from his pillow across the aisle. "Your what?"

"Soldier suits," said the boy.

"You get them at the toy store,"

said the man in uniform, and relaxed again on his pillow.

Ulysses Tecumseh was in no mood for humor, if this was humor. He stared about the room with its twenty beds, through a door into a bedroom occupied by the ranking non-com—though he did not know this yet, nor what a non-com was.

"This is my home," he was saying to himself. "For one year at least, I will sleep in a room with nineteen other men, and I will not like it. Probably they will score. I like to sit up late to read books, but they will not let me sit up late."

His unpleasant reflections were interrupted by a soldier with a marking on his arm that designated a corporal. Ulysses Tecumseh had no idea what it designated.

"Chow," said this officer. "Downstairs and line up."

He was used to washing his hands and face and smoothing down his unruly hair before he went to table, but this formality did not seem to be provided for. So with the rest, he clattered down the stairs and got into a huddled line with a hundred other men, some in khaki, but more in blue dungaree working outifts. They stood waiting for the signal. It came presently and they surged forward.

Someone behind adroitly toed Ulysses Tecumseh's right heel, so that he stumbled and lunged into the man ahead of him.

"What's the idea?" demanded the man he had unintentionally assaulted.

"It's Beano-pole," said a voice behind him. "Never walk under a beanpole. It's bad luck."

Ulysses Tecumseh turned around and looked into the malicious eyes of a broad-shouldered, pale-haired young man with a broken nose. Something made him realize that here was no friend.

"Why did you trip me?" asked Ulysses Tecumseh.

"Want to make something of it?"

"It seemed," said Ulysses Tecumseh, "a silly sort of thing to do."

"Is sat so, Beano-pole? Hey, fellows, Beano-pole's crying to teacher. He thinks somebody tripped him."

"Pipe down there," said an authoritative voice. "Keep moving."

They milled across a narrow road and mounted wooden steps into the mess hall, a large room crossbarred with bare, wooden tables but fragrant with odors of cooking. Ulysses Tecumseh wondered if he would be able to eat and how the food would compare with his mother's cooking.

He found the food excellent, if over-plentiful. There were slabs of roast beef, great gobs of mashed potatoe, sliced tomatoes, peas, two slices of bread and butter. He was not hungry, and he did not like to see so much food at once. But it was good food, well cooked, not unappetising.

Everyone about him fell to wolfishly. Ulysses Tecumseh toyed with his food, for there seemed to be something lodged in the pit of his stomach that destroyed appetite.

He wanted to be alone. Never in his life could he remember wishing to be alone before. Privacy was what his heart desired, but as he surveyed the room crammed with a hundred eating soldiers and draftees he became suddenly aware that privacy was going to be the one unattainable thing.

An officer stood up. "You inductees," he said, "will be processed to-morrow. To-night you're on your own. You don't know the ropes so you better stay put. Lights out at nine-thirty."

They straggled back to barracks. Ulysses Tecumseh sat glumly on the edge of his bed.

"Beano-pole's going to beller," said the broken-nose young man.

A small man, slight, almost too short to be admitted to the army, turned and stared at Broken-nose. The small young man had a clear-cut face, not handsome, but somehow distinctive. He was well dressed. His suit had been fashioned by an expensive tailor. He looked to Ulysses Tecumseh like pictures of college men he had seen, college men who belonged to exclusive fraternities.

"It seems to me," said this young man to Broken-nose, "that you talk too much and in the wrong places."

"Want to make something of it?" demanded Broken-nose belligerently.

"Why," said the young man, "yes, if you put it that way. There's always one of you in every crowd. A blustering, unpleasant bully looking for someone to torment. We might as well attend to your promptly."

"Says what?" asked Broken-nose furiously, but not too furiously.

"We're all in this together," said the small draftee. "Maybe we like it; maybe we don't. That's each man's private affair. But each of us wants it to be as painless as possible. You don't seem to be a co-operator, so we come to the show-down. So here's the good word, friend: Either pipe down or come out punching."

"Right," said two other men simultaneously.

Broken-nose looked from face to face and saw no encouragement. He deflated. "I was just havin' a little fun," he said.

"Well," said the little draftee, "from now on be a good dog or we'll muzzle you." He turned to Ulysses Tecumseh. "How's for going out to get a sniff of air?"

"Will it be all right?" Ulysses Tecumseh asked.

"The way to find out," said the other, "is to give it a try. Come along."

Ulysses Tecumseh reared the whole of his skinny six feet one inch of height and followed at the heels of the diminutive draftee.

"My name," said the other, "is Harvey Stone."

"Mine's Ulysses Tecumseh Clap. Mostly they call me Beano-pole."

"Do you mind?" asked Harvey quickly.

"Why, no. I kind of like it."

"It goes then, Beano-pole. If it rasped you we'd take steps. There must be some place we can sit down and chin. People are kind of in the habit of pouring it onto you, aren't they?"

"Why, no," said Ulysses. "Back in Beecham we mostly liked each other."

"Could be," said Harvey, "but you're a foreordained candidate to be the goat. If they start it, come to me."

Ulysses Tecumseh did not see the utter incongruousness of this; that a boy who hardly came up to his belt should be offering him protection. Ulysses Tecumseh was not aware that his own lankness was hard and that his muscles had a whipcord quality, and that if he so desired, he could have abolished Harvey with no difficulty at all. All he perceived was that here was one making a proffer of friendship.

"Sure," he said, "I'll come to you. Sure, I'll come to you." He felt happier and more contented than he had for days . . .



ADA AND ELSIE, two old-fashioned girls heard in 2GB's Radio Hollywood.

Comediennes highlight radio show

Good comedy teams are always rare; particularly so are good comedy duos featuring comedienne.

In England they have Elsie and Doris Waters, who have been amazingly popular, while Australia has, of recent months, had Ada and Elsie.

EVER since they first appeared in "Radio Hollywood," which is broadcast from 2GB at 7.48 every Thursday night, these artists have caught on with the public. Perhaps that is because they are not exactly new to radio.

Dorothy Foster, who plays the role of Ada, built up a reputation for her "Dilly" Foster act. But believing that the public to-day prefer every-day subjects rather than the smart American wise-crack type of humor, she set out to discover a new act to replace "Dilly."

One of the difficulties she had found in that act was a male partner. What is known on the stage as a "straight feed" was necessary, and they are very hard to find. A good partner makes the differences between a good and a bad show. With this difficulty in mind, Miss Foster sought a fellow comedienne, and in Rita Pauncefort she found the ideal Elsie to partner her Ada—an actress who has built up a big reputation for her portrayal of the "grand dame" type, both on stage and in radio.

While listeners may think of Ada and Elsie as two old-fashioned shop-girls, the difference between the characters is very real to the two artists. Ada is to all intents and purposes, the brains of the combination; Elsie is the feather-light, excitable type.

One of the most popular features of the act is the song which they rehearse. For each sketch they delve into the past and bring to light one of those old heart-breakers such as "Excelsior," "Come Into the Garden Maud," or "You Called Me Baby Doll a Year Ago." Their efforts to sing these ditties in the grand old duet style are always a highlight of their programme.

Ada and Elsie are heard regularly from 2GB at 7.48 every Thursday night.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.
WEDNESDAY, June 17.—Mrs. Edie Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, June 18.—Mrs. Olwen Francis presents "The House in the Home Front."

FRIDAY, June 19.—Musical Alphabet.

SATURDAY, June 20.—Goodie Reeve presents "Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, June 21.—"Highlights of Our Week."

TUESDAY, June 23.—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody and Thought."

Who's your neighbour?

Vital...
Absorbing...
Entertaining...

The lives and adventures of ordinary people told by themselves.

Every Friday 7.45 p.m. 2GB

DONALD NOVIS
in
'The Romance of Music'

Singing the songs the whole world loves!

with
Jan Rubini, violinist, and
Barton Browne, narrator.

Every Fri.
7.30 p.m. 2GB

To be continued

Mansion On Earth

Continued from page 5

NICK had perceived one of her candid retorts hovering and leaped to the rescue: "Ah! Alex is our cherished one. She's too fine to cope with the world. We like to think of her as our châtelaine—sheltered, you know, and guardian of the family spirit . . ."

It was pretty thick, but it got over. The guest was an old-fashioned man.

Alex hoped he had not observed the châtelaine's hands, red and rouged from the tussles with the kitchen linoleum and a faulty range.

Ursula and Brenda came in together to breakfast, bickering because Brenda had borrowed evening slippers without leave. "I'll lock my door!" stormed Ursula.

"You're a generous little soul, aren't you!" Brenda drawled.

Ursula was lovely, as her mother had been. But she was not clever. On looks alone she had secured a small part in a current play; all her small salary was spent on the stage wardrobe, and she gave herself the air of a glamorous creature set apart.

Brenda looked quite herself again, tailored and exotic. She had talent—if she did not burn herself out too early to reap the fruits of it. In town she maintained a smart studio where she did portraits of smart people, when it pleased her to work.

"Sometime this week-end," Alex said, "I would like to have a family concierge . . ."

Nick looked at his watch, groaned, and dashed off muttering about the eight-forty-two.

"I'm not here," purred Ursula. "I'm going on to Dodie Clare's house party after Saturday night's performance."

"You're always bent on reform, Alex," Brenda jibed. Then, remembering her tone changed, "Bye darling. I feel so happy about the party. Everything is always lovely when you take charge."

Immediately they were all gone, and Alex sat alone; with the house; with the day; with cross old Maggie, and whining Mrs. Higgs, and a hundred sordid, baffling tasks.

At noon Alex suddenly remembered that Dan had not got up. Dan was her darling, for no good reason, as she very well knew. After the University he had tried several easy jobs and stuck with none of them; now he was, vaguely, a securities salesman, his activities for the most part being a social and sporting round that gave him, he declared, the right contacts.

Alex took tea and toast to his room at twelve, and knocked. Dan was awake, reading and smoking in bed.

"Why the riot this morning?" he wanted to know. "Vacuum cleaner, telephones, doorbells, delivery vans, pounding on the plumbing until my head is ready to burst."

"A party."

"Whose?"

"Brenda's."

"She's an imposition!" said Daniel, sipping the tea Alex had brought to his bed.

He saw the point in her amused eyes, and switched neatly:

"Sandra—your hair is gorgeous. So are your eyes."

"They're well enough. But I'm no beauty."

"How many men have wanted to marry you?"

"Several. But they didn't have to form a line."

"They might have—if you weren't so absurdly domestic that you never give them a pleasant look."

That infuriated her. She went to the door. "I'm not domestic at all, you blatant cub! What do you think of that? This is a trap—and I'm caught in it. I should have been a journalist."

"Oh!—Why?"

"Because I understand people. They don't fool me. I could write about them. I understand you. Get up, or I'll throw cold water on you." She shut the door sharply.

Dan stared at it. By Jove! Alex, a spitfire! She looked superb, blazing out like that.

Hesitantly he rose to dress and go off to a club for squash and drinks, and to borrow some money from Ben Trenton, who would never miss her. Beautiful Dan.

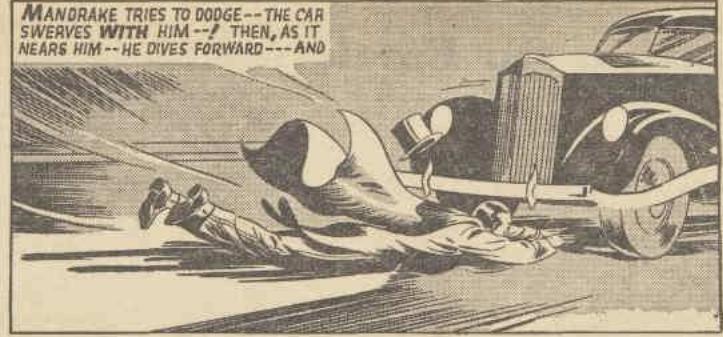
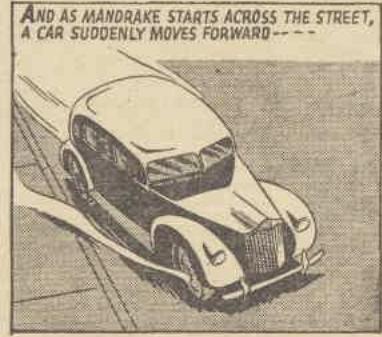
Please turn to page 20

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, has smashed the Octopus Ring, and now, with the aid of **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, is searching for **THE OCTOPUS:** Head of the spies, who is believed to have escaped. With **PRINCESS NARDA:** Of Cockaigne, they visit a bowling alley, where they are interfered

with by two thugs, who deliberately insult the Princess.

Mandrake invites the men outside where, threatening him with revolvers, they order him into a waiting motor car. However, Lothar comes to his assistance, but the men escape when Mandrake trips over the extended legs of a begging blind man. NOW READ ON:



PRIVATE VIEWS

• By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer •

★ WOMAN OF THE YEAR (Week's Best Release)

Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy. (MGM.)

HEPBURN'S performance in

"Woman of the Year" may well make her the Actress of the Year. Her role is that of an intellectual giant, a kind of superwoman. But there is nothing inhuman about Hepburn. She is gay, beautiful, and extremely gracious.

Hardly less charming is Spencer Tracy as her masculine antithesis—a bluff, good-natured, ordinary guy who writes sports articles for the newspaper which runs Hepburn's political columns.

It is a pity that the story does not measure up to the brilliance of this acting. Its conventional plot, dealing with the courtship and marriage of this pair, and the turning of the worm, Tracy, has been done many times before, nor does it seem likely. Also, the underlying moral that a woman's place is in the home is irksomely old-fashioned. Yet some of the situations have novel twists, and there are amusing lines of sophistication. Special mention must be made of Dan Tobin as Hepburn's super-efficient secretary—Liberty, showing.

★ SON OF FURY

Tyrone Power, Gene Tierney. (20th Century-Fox.)

TYRONE POWER gets his third romantic period adventure and a different heroine—Gene Tierney, clad in sarongs as the exotic island belle.

Although the film is too long, and unrelieved by humor, you'll find it most entertaining, particularly in its splendidly photographed sailing ship scenes and its sea action.

The story, based on Edison Marshall's novel, "Benjamin Blake," casts Power as a nineteenth century

hero who undergoes great hardships in an attempt to establish the birthright stolen from him by his cruelly-scheming uncle (George Sanders). Forced to flee England, he slips for the South Seas.

Power does well, particularly in a fight with Sanders—one of the best bouts ever screened. John Carradine as a sailor, Frances Farmer as Sanders' daughter, and Roddy McDowall playing Blake as a boy are outstanding—Plaza; showing.

★ MOON OVER MIAMI

Don Ameche, Betty Grable. (20th Century-Fox.)

HERE is another gay, tuneful, typically Hollywood musical, in technicolor, with Betty Grable looking her most gorgeous.

In the film, Betty and her sister (Carole Landis) decide to pool a small inheritance and spend it on a trip to Miami pleasure resort so that Betty can catch a rich husband, Robert Cummings and Don Ameche are the two playboys they meet in Miami. Charlotte Greenwood, as the girls' aunt, teamed with Jack Haley for the comedy, is amusing.

Outstanding scene in the film is the conga performed by Hermes Pan, Betty Grable herself, particularly in her dance number with the Condors Brothers, is enchanting—Regent; showing.

★ APPOINTMENT FOR LOVE

Charles Boyer, Margaret Sullavan. (Universal.)

ROMANTIC Charles Boyer is at his most charming in this gay sophisticated farce.

He has the role of a playwright who marries a woman doctor, Margaret Sullavan. Putting into practice her very novel and unusual theories about marriage, Margaret

is a pleasant enough story—but strictly for Withers fans—Haymarket-Civic; showing.

Our Film Gradings

- ★★ Excellent
- ★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars — below average.

takes a separate apartment in spite of bewildered protests from her new husband.

The film sparkles with light and frothy situations, and the performances match them. Margaret Sullavan as the serious-minded doctor is excellent. So are Reginald Denny as the other man and Rita Johnson as the other woman—State; showing.

★ PACIFIC BLACKOUT

Robert Preston, Martha O'Driscoll. (Paramount.)

THIS timely thriller is set in an American city on the Pacific coast.

In hero, Robert Preston, is the young inventor of a range-finder for anti-aircraft guns who is framed by Nazi official Philip Merivale and Eva Gabor, and convicted on a murder charge. He escapes during the blackout, and is helped by Martha O'Driscoll.

It's all pretty exciting, ably acted, while the plot has some original angles—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

★ THE MAD MARTINDALES

Jane Withers, Marjorie Weaver. (20th Century-Fox.)

JANE WITHERS plays a 1900 debutante with hair on top, skirts trailing, and two boy friends, but she is still the same boisterous young hoyden.

A typical Jane Withers plot has Jane attempting to retrieve the fortunes of her family, and getting into all kinds of trouble.

It's a pleasant enough story—but strictly for Withers fans—Haymarket-Civic; showing.

Cable news from the studios!

By VIOLA MACDONALD in HOLLYWOOD

DIVORCED only six days, Myrna Loy headed for New York, where she married wealthy sportsman John Hertz in a surprise ceremony at his sister's home.

Myrna's former husband, Arthur Hornblow, also arrived in New York about the same time, thus leading Hollywood to believe a reconciliation possible.

But now of course the screen's perfect wife is second honeymooning.

Shows Still Running

★★ How Green Was My Valley. Walter Pidgeon, Roddy McDowall in superb dramatisation of book. —Embassy; 11th week.

★★ The Little Foxes. Bette Davis and superb new cast in brilliant, merciless drama. —Century; 5th week.

★★ Louisiana Purchase. Bob Hope and Zorina in sparkling technicolor musical. —Prince Edward; 2nd week.

★★ Corsican Brothers. Douglas Fairbanks in Dumars' swashbuckling adventure. —Mayfair; 4th week.

★★ Two-Faced Woman. Grete Garbo and Melvyn Douglas in frothy marital farce. —St. James; 2nd week.

★★ The Men in Her Life. Loretta Young and Conrad Veidt in romantic story of ballerina. —Lyceum; 2nd week.

* * Joe Smith, American. Robert Young and Marsha Hunt in stirring topical drama. —St. James; 2nd week.

* * This Woman Is Mine. Franchot Tone and Carol Bruce in period wilderness adventure. —Victory; 2nd week.

FORMER child star of "Our Gang" comedies and other films Virginia Lee Corbin died of a heart ailment in Hollywood this week at the age of 31. The Shirley Temple of her day, Virginia made a million dollars before she was 16 years old, but has lately been working as a movie extra. *

I HAVE to report the sad loss by Daisy, male dog-star, of his new dental bridgework—after a fierce tussle with a local fox terrier.

A LICE FAYE'S baby daughter, Alice, posed for her first pictures at the age of two weeks. *

JUST as an economy drive, Garbo has bought herself a bantam car, which she herself drives to the studio. *

HOLLYWOOD received its second shock this week when songbird Kathryn Grayson divorced her actor-husband, John Shelton, after being married only eleven months. Shelton has asked for his release from his contract with Twentieth Century-Fox so that he can join the army.

You will remember the rumpus roused when this pair eloped—MGM wanted 19-year-old newcomer Kathryn Grayson to concentrate on her career. Marriage was the last thing the studio wanted. *

HEDY LAMARR has called off her marriage to George Montgomery. After issuing this single official statement, Hedy refused to make any further comment, and is working on "White Cargo" behind closed doors as she is feeling so upset about the affair. Some of the earlier gossips say that the rift was possibly caused by the fact that she may have been forced to support George's eleven dependent relatives when George went into the army. This, of course, is quite unconfirmed.

Mansion On Earth

Continued from page 19

standing. "Now, you know, Miss Exeter, a man is helpless in such matters, isn't he? Seriously, however, I'm rather far from this sort of thing most of the time—it's good for me, when I come back."

Silky music blared round them. Chatter and laughter from the other rooms sounded gay and high.

He said, equally blunt: "But what is your excuse? Why are you here?"

"That's my story—and I'm not telling," she said tightly.

Dan came prancing through at the moment and patted Alex on the head in passing. "Great party, Alex. Isn't she a sweet thing Mr. Stanton?" he demanded, and went away.

Breck Stanton said, as though they had not been interrupted: "But it isn't your story at all. That's precisely my point. Everyone has his own drama to live."

Obviously, then, he had listened, observed, and drawn conclusions.

"So many dramas are only dreamed," Alex answered. "They never get on the boards..."

It was all absurd. Anyone listening to them might have thought they did not make sense; at least, that they were not being polite.

Suddenly from the breakfast-room, the door of which someone had carelessly opened, came an ugly crackling sound, then a crash, and a thick cloud of grey dust poured into the big room. Stanton sprang to close the door, but it was too late. Gritty dust settled thickly on furniture and floors, table and food.

Alex was almost running when she turned into Manor Road. Usually it was a quiet, dignified thoroughfare, but now it was in confusion. Lit by a white glare, a great crowd of people milled about there, engines clangled and shrieked, the firemen shouted orders; the way was suddenly barred across the street.

The Oaks was burning. At first Alex was dazed. This was her very existence going up in flames. She had been born and lived all her life in that house. She could not think clearly what this meant. Jeered by curious spectators, she stood against the railings, her arms outstretched to grasp it, and watched the conflagration mount.

Alex stood still an instant, then went up the back stairs to her room. Why not? She had fulfilled her utilitarian part in the occasion. She lay on her bed and tried not to think or feel anything. Down below, the piano still thumped, the sanc-

cate voices went on and on. No one missed her or came to find her.

After a long time and many subdued thuds of the big front door closing, there was silence. Maggie was out. Mrs. Higgs had gone. No one in the big house now but Alex.

She dragged herself up and went downstairs to survey the havoc. Nothing was in place; it was as though a tornado had blown through.

This was the end of her day, the reward of a supreme effort for beauty and gracious living . . .

She knew she must get out of this house. At once. Out under the stars that were clear and clean and dependable. From a cupboard beneath the stairs she snatched an old coat and hat and went quickly away, closing the door softly, as though someone were ill within.

A thawing raw night had succeeded the bitter cold of the morning. Alex walked aimlessly on and on, until she sank down on a bench on the common.

Of course, she would go home presently. She would sleep. Somehow she would shoulder the load again, and to-morrow she and Maggie would once more put a decent face on domesticity.

TEN strokes boomed from a clock nearby and she started up in panic. Perhaps Maggie hadn't locked the back doors and windows.

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Alex gave him her hand. "I'm very remiss, Mr. Stanton. Will you forgive me?" Then she said an odd thing, on one of the candid impulses which her family deplored: "I wonder why you came!"

He chuckled in entire under-

were a furnace. Nothing could be saved: the flames had gone too far before they were discovered. All efforts now were to save adjacent property.

How had it started? she wondered vaguely. Had Nick paid the insurance premium when she reminded him? Their lovely, beloved home was gone . . .

But exaltation suddenly possessed her. Why—this was emancipation. Prison doors opening. She was free. Free! Never again would the beautiful house settle on her spirit to crush it. She felt reborn.

"Your eyes! Good Lord! I've never seen anything like them!"

It was Breck Stanton towering there beside her. She was not startled. It seemed natural to have him there. She did not look away from the spectacle.

"If I were an artist . . ." he mused. "How can eyes be tragic—and utterly enraptured, at the same time?"

"The Oaks is burning," she said needlessly.

"Quite. Do you care—terribly?"

"I'm weeping—deep inside. Yet I want to laugh and dance!" She turned to him. "Do you understand? It is breaking my heart—and yet I'm glad! I haven't a penny. I have no possessions except the clothes I'm wearing. The old life—" she made a little fluttering gesture, "is burnt up. I'm a new person."

As though to accent her emotion, the roof fell within the walls with a roar, burnt fiercely a moment, then darkened to smouldering. The crowds drifted away.

Stanton said: "I came back to try to talk to you again. I thought perhaps, when your party was over, you would come out to a meal with me. Will you come now?"

In a quiet restaurant where there were no fashionable diners and no music, and where Alex's old hat and coat did not matter, she found herself comforted, and knew how weary and hungry she was.

"Will you order for me, please?" she asked dreamily. "Something simple and hot."

He nodded. He had a nice way of silence that was not dull.

AFTER the steaming soup, she said: "This afternoon I heard someone say you were to leave at nine for Southampton and you would sail from there. Have I upset your plans?"

"You have. Completely."

"I'm sorry." Then her eyes smiled. "That isn't honest. I'm glad."

"So am I."

And that was that. Warmth and food and his protective gentleness had brought a rich color to her cheeks. Something glorious seemed about to happen. But she could not quite face it. But suddenly she remembered. Everything. She put down her fork with a small clatter, and turned a dismayed face.

"The others! What am I thinking of? They will come back—and there will be no place for them—what will they do? And they knew I was at home when they left—they will think I might have burned up! They'll be frantic!"

Stanton gave precise attention to cutting a bit of steak. "Sometimes," he asserted, "it is good for people to have frantic moments. But—I've thought of all that. It is improbable that they would return early, isn't it?"

"They won't come back before midnight, at least."

"I'd planned to post someone in front of the house to meet them, and tell them that you are safe and where to find you. Then they can make their own plans."

The significance of the last phrase struck Alex.

Make their own plans. Of course! They would have to, now. Brenda would take comfortable quarters in a club. Brenda would have to learn the relation of income to expenditure. Ursula would marry, probably. So many men wanted to marry Ursula. Dan—oh, Dan! Alex felt her throat tighten. But Dan must grow up, too, sink or swim. Certainly Alex and The Oaks had never stiffened his morale.

"You were so far away just then," Stanton said. "Where did you go?"

"Into the future. How futile! The future—is mystery."

He touched her hand lightly. "Mystery is alluring. And I am an explorer."

(Copyright)



HEDY HAS AMBITION

Hedy Lamarr told MGM six months ago that she was tired of being described as "a beautiful woman who can't act." Said Hedy to the studio: "Give me roles without any glamor." So she became a Mexican girl,

a fish-cannery worker, too, in "Tortilla Flat." Soon she will be a Chinese girl in "Dragon Seed," from the Pearl Buck story. Then there is the sullen Tondeleyo in "White Cargo." And Hedy is delighted.



• Valerie Hobson's own dress sense is too good.



• Jane Baxter was lucky in a well-dressed role.



• Elizabeth Allen wears her own frocks on screen.



• Australian dress - designer Dorothy Broomham has revolutionised wartime studio.

Australian girl ace wartime designer

From ANNE MATHIESON in London

AN Australian girl, Dorothy Broomham, is to-day bringing to bear on her work all the ingenuity for which the Commonwealth's daughters are famous.

As Dorothy explained to me at the studio, wartime dress-designing in Britain means far more than the peacetime fascination of creating outstanding clothes.

It means coping with clothes coupons, finding suitable materials, unearthing fast-disappearing accessories, practising a hundred and one economies.

Dorothy, who was christened Alice Muriel, and whose parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Broomham, live at 43 Robert Street, Willoughby, N.S.W., came to England just before the outbreak of war. She had studied under Julian Ashton in Sydney, then spent two years in a New York art school.

To-day, Ealing daily thanks its lucky stars for Dorothy.

Not only has she dressed stars of the big films in glamorous, new fashions, but she has enlisted the

co-operation of the artists in dressing themselves.

In one coming picture, "They Came in Khaki," every frock with the exception of four is part of the wearer's own wardrobe! Valerie Hobson, Elizabeth Allen, Marie Lohr, Muriel George, Thora Hird, and all the others have dug into their trunks and found dresses that Dorothy has remodelled.

This scheme has turned out well for all. The actresses have had their old clothes redesigned for them at the studio's expense, while the saving in coupons has been beyond the wildest of Minister Hugh Dalton's dreams of austerity.

"When I suggested to producers that I ask the stars to let me go over their own clothes and see if anything were suitable for films they nearly had a fit," Dorothy laughed. "It took a lot of persuasion."

"Of course, it isn't as easy as it sounds. Designing film clothes is vastly different from creating clothes for ordinary wear."

"Even the most devastating gown can look a fright on the films be-

cause it doesn't photograph well. Shoulders have to be exaggerated, waists over-emphasised, hips made very svelte, and color cleverly employed—to give the star a tall, petite, or perhaps rounded figure, according to the character she is playing."

"When I approached the actresses themselves with my scheme they were simply delighted. But the snag came when I had to make their own choice of clothes fit in with the picture.

"Valerie Hobson, for instance, is the vicar's daughter in 'They Came in Khaki.' But she is herself such a glamorous person and her clothes reflect her personality. That wouldn't do for the film, so I had to subdue her lovely frocks."

"Incidentally," Dorothy laughed, "some of the actresses' old clothes in 'They Came in Khaki' were a nightmare—burst seams, gaping plackets, wrong lengths—the studio staff were working night and day on frocks for the crowd scenes."

The problems of Dorothy's job don't end here:

"When I have read the script of a film and drawn up a dress chart I have to watch carefully how often a dress is to be worn, and in what scenes; for I have to work out how many coupons I shall need, and apply to the Board of Trade for them. It took 3000 coupons to dress 'The Foreman Went to France,' and there is very little dress interest, so that will give you some idea what enormous saving there is when the stars' own clothes are used in a picture with many different changes of clothes."

Coupon headaches

THE Board of Trade watches wardrobes very carefully, and an inspector checks every pair of shoes, every frock, and every coat over with the wardrobe mistress, against the number of coupons he has allowed me for the film."

"Just one coupon headache I had in 'The Foreman Went to France' was that Constance Cummings had to have six models of the one suit! Her role gave her clothes such rough handling that the same suit was torn in one scene, burned in another, and soaked in yet another."

"All this calculating makes me wonder if I am a dress-designer or a Civil servant!" Dorothy added.

"In 'Ships with Wings' it is different. The dress interest was stressed because the film was scheduled for many neutral countries, and so was used as a shop front for British fashions. This

sartorial flavor that 'Ships with Wings' took on was, of course, a dress-designer's dream. It gave such a chance for imagination. With that film I worked in with all the leading houses, designing with Hartnell, Molyneux, Lachasse.

"Though dressing the stars in their own clothes," concluded Dorothy, "is not in the tradition of good films, and in peacetime would be undreamed of, it doesn't strike such a wrong note in wartime. Most of the British films have a war angle, and reflect the mood of the women whose dressing is naturally restrained."



• Constance Cummings had to have six copies of the one suit because her role gave her clothes such rough handling.

Something every mother ought to know



Calcium—which builds firm bones and good teeth—is also contained in Horlicks to the extent of 77.2 mg. per ounce. The milk sugar in Horlicks helps the child to use this calcium to the best advantage.

Horlicks is a complete food. So it helps to make good any lack of essential elements in the child's other food, and corrects any tendency to monotony in his diet. Let your children have Horlicks these days. They'll love it, and they will be the better for it.

Horlicks is so economical too. You can get the 1/6 size, or the big economy size for 2/9. (Prices slightly higher in the country).



For Your Emergency Store

CHILDREN love Horlicks. They love that sweetness which comes from the natural milk sugar and malt sugars in it. And—because of those sugars, Horlicks give children quick added energy—in a form which their bodies make use of at once.

It passes into the bloodstream without putting any strain on the digestion, and so never causes "upsets". Horlicks contains 14-15% of body-building protein. One-half of this protein is derived from full-cream milk, one of the very best "protective" foods.

HORICKS



In an emergency, the whole family can live on Horlicks for an indefinite period. It is a complete food, sustaining and nourishing for old and young, in health and sickness. It needs mixing with water only, and can be taken cold. It keeps indefinitely when the lid is replaced firmly.



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Buy Him War Savings Stamps**

**HELP MAKE
HIS FUTURE
SECURE**

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LAXETTES

The Famous and Safe
Children's Laxative



£1000 FOR A NOVEL

That is what The Australian Women's Weekly is offering in its great

£2000 Fiction Contest

Entries for the serial section of the contest close on

Sept. 30, 1942

VERSES from HOME

As The Troops Go By

By wives, mothers, and sweethearts of men in the fighting services.

Somebody's eyes with tears are dim,
But somebody's lips have a smile for him,
With his battle kit and bayonet grim,
As the troops go marching by.
Somebody glimpses a face they know
As the khaki figures come and go.
There's a shout, a wave, and a cheer,
And the troops go marching by.
Somebody's heart is filled with fear,
Fear for the one they hold most dear,
But somebody's voice can raise a cheer
For the troops that go marching by.
Somebody remembers a day gone by,
He was younger then, more keen of eye.

As with shoulders squared and head held high,
He marched as the troops went by.
Somebody sees with a glow of pride
The sun-tanned boy from the countryside
And the city-bred man with a swinging stride
With the troops go marching by.
Somebody waves a flag on high.
Is it for that men fight and die?
But it stands for freedom and truth, they cry.
The troops that go marching by.
Somebody whispers a quiet prayer,
Please, God, surround them with loving care,
And hasten a peace that we all may share
With the troops that go marching by.

—V.B., Clarence Park, S.A.



The Glory of the Mail

We, who wait, know well the glory of the mail.
The thin sheets hold for us a joy unparalleled.
And as we break the seal and read the words so simply writ,
We pause, because we needs must breathe
A prayer that he is fit.
So bright, so gay, the letters that he sends—
A shade of wistfulness creeps in—the writer unaware
That as the slow pen winds it way across the sheet
His inner heart betrays its inner beats.
How cool the tall gums and the green grass
Must be—How sweet the wattle now—
How grand the Dandenongs—there is no country can surpass
Their loveliness. How go the good old friends
I used to know?
And so he writes of home, nor dreams one whit
That he has said one single word to let us know
He grieves one bit.

Gwen Bessell-Browne,
91 Union Rd., Surry Hills E10, Vic.

TO MY HUSBAND OVERSEAS

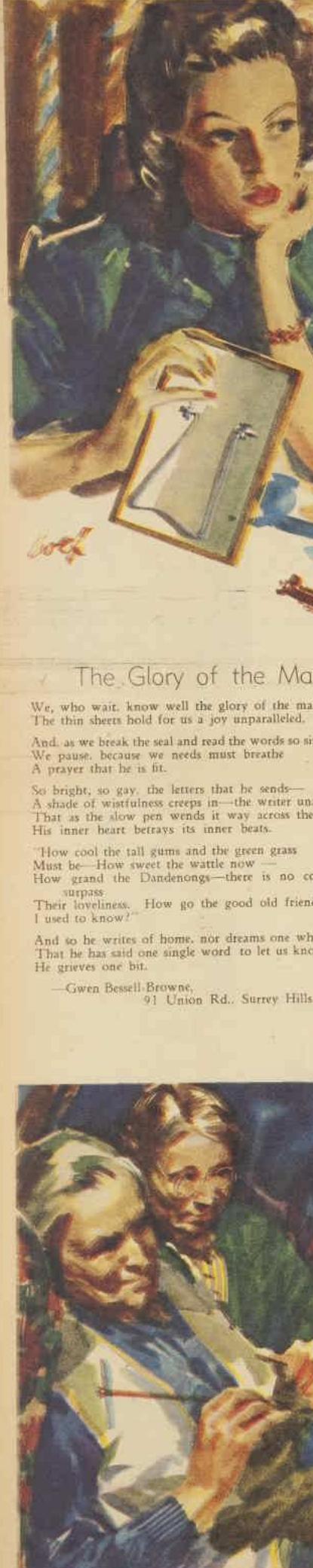
Yet every night I say
Another day is past,
And every morning still I pray
That night will come at last.
Sore-needed shelter for my tears
The kindly darkness brings,
A cloak of starlight for my tears,
And solitude's black wings.
I have no restless urge,
No spur to conquer fate,
My song is but the ceaseless dirge
Of those who love and wait.
But still I do not seek
An anodyne for pain...
For oh, the ecstasy to come
When you are home again!

—Winifred Manson,
Northcote, Vic.

Socks

Long years ago I made wee socks
For tiny baby feet.
Of softest, fluffiest wool they were,
So dainty and so sweet.
And then I bought small ankle socks
To wear with tiny shoes.
And after that the schoolboy socks
With tops of different hues.
I always had a pile of them
To mend when evening came.
Their toes were ever peeping through,
Or the tops were torn again.
And now I'm knitting khaki socks
To send them overseas.
They're big of foot and long of leg,
To reach right to the knees.
And while I knit I wonder—
My heart is filled with pain,
May all those men in khaki socks
March safely home again.

—Margaret Reed, Arncliffe, N.S.W.



HELPED by an eddy of the wind Joey made a last desperate turn. He felt the enemy strike a glancing blow and pass, falling far below. The falcon had missed binding to his quarry but he swept up again, his long wings driving him like a bullet in the wake of the pigeon.

Joey had crossed the cliffs and was flying down to a wood on the crest of a ridge. He reached it and flushed low between the trees, turning among the branches with incredible skill.

He emerged from the far side of the wood and skimmed down into a valley, flying thirty feet above ground. There was no sign of the falcon, he had shaken it off. But it had left its mark. Joey's back was bruised and there were three coating punctures in his side. In the valley was a white farmhouse and a pond wherein ducks were fishing. At sight of water the pigeon's beak opened and he faltered in his flight. His thirst was severe and he would have given much to alight and slake it, but a man crossing the yard scared him. He skinned round some trees and in an instant the farm and the temptation were behind.

In a sunken lane two boys walked, each carrying a shotgun. They were hunting wood pigeons which ate the farmers' seed. The weary, storm-driven homer came over the hill and passed close above them.

Had Joey been fresh and strong he would never have made that mistake, but deathly weariness blunted his senses; his eyes were dull and ineffective; his stamina, already so much depleted from the battle with the night's gale, ebbed from the holes made by the falcon's talons.

Two shots sounded. Joey felt a blow on one foot and a sharp pang in his redoubled. He flew on with speed reduced.

"Gaw, they don't 'arf take some killins,'" cried one of the boys. "I 't 'un, 'cos I seen feathers fly."

A little tuft of soft grey plumage came floating slowly down.

Pimples Go

Cause Killed in 3 Days

The very first application of Nixoderm begins to clear away pimples in 3 days. Use Nixoderm tonight and you will soon see your skin becoming soft, smooth and clear! Nixoderm is a new discovery that kills germs and parasites on the skin that cause acne, boils, carbuncles, boils, Eczema, Ringworm, and Eruptions. You can't get rid of your skin troubles until you remove the germs that hide in the tiny pores of your skin. Get Nixoderm from your chemist or store today under the positive guarantee that Nixoderm will banish pimples and clear your skin soft and smooth or money back on return of empty package.

Nixoderm NOW 2/-
For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch.

OH! to be YOUNG AGAIN!

How often, when you are feeling tired, worn out with worry, over-work or war-strain, do you long for the energy and sparkle you once could rely on, always day and night? Remember, youthful feeling depends upon the health of your body, brain, heart, and nerves and not just on how old you are in years. To regain youthful sparkle, alertness, energy—feed your brain, heart, and nerves with WINCARNIS. This famous tonic is a rich, nourishing, full-blooded blend of choice wines and two vitamins essential for health.

You'll like it from the first sip, and the first glass will do you good. WINCARNIS is the pleasant, certain way of regaining youthful feeling and a happy, confident outlook. Get a bottle from your chemist to-day.***

Stop Kidney Poisoning To-day

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Leg Pains, Backache, Headaches, Nervousness, Headaches, and Convulsions; Cramps, Lower Eyes, swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy, you should know that your system is being poisoned because germs are impeding the vital processes of your kidneys. Ordinary medicines can help you a great deal, because you must kill the germs which cause these troubles, and blood can't be pure till Kidneys function normally. Stop Kidney Poisoning with CYSTEX. This new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 2 hours. Cystex must prove entirely satisfactory and be exactly the medicine you need of morning, noon, and night. Get Cystex from your chemist or store. The guarantee protects you. Now in 2 sizes: 1/2, 4-1/2 oz.

Guaranteed for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.

The Homer Pigeon

Continued from page 3

A big city lay spread below, rows upon rows of houses. The little speck that was a homer pigeon bringing news from the wild Atlantic passed unregarded overhead, where men listened to the wireless reports of ships sinking.

On the horizon black objects appeared approaching at great speed.

The wailing roar of sirens rose weirdly out of the gulf, filling Joey with alarm. He shaped his course higher and increased his pace, though the effort caused anguish.

The strange gigantic birds came rushing on; the air was churned by a terrible roaring noise. These creatures, huge as trees, whirled and raced all about him, terrific rattlings came from them at intervals. Joey had seen aeroplanes before but never in such numbers and performing such erratic evolutions.

Stupefied with terror and fatigue the pigeon labored on, rocked and buffeted by winds that seemed to come to him from every direction. Yet in the midst of bewilderment and fear his sense of direction never failed, and when the fight had passed, leaving him miraculously unharmed, he flew steadily again into the north-east. Somewhere ahead was the goal he sought—would be discharged from hospital.

"Not 'arf!" yelled Bert, and the front door banged behind him.

A month later Henry stood in his brother-in-law's parlor, inspecting a small case on the wall which contained the stuffed body of a homer pigeon. Henry had that day been discharged from hospital.

"That's him," Bert was saying.

"The gamest pigeon I ever bred. What he come through no one will ever know, but I found him dead by the drinking bowl. Some swine shot him, I reckon, 'cos his foot was smashed and there was half a dozen wounds in him. But he got through, Henry. There's pluck for you!"

"Yes, he got through," said the steward, slowly. "And pulled us through—we couldn't have stuck much more of it when the plane found us." He fumbled under the lapel of his coat, withdrawing a

ways. But the water trough was near, he dragged himself to it and dipped his beak. As he drank, the soft voices of his friends, the warm familiar atmosphere of home, removed all terror and the agony of effort. It was as if he dreamed he was on flight, had half awakened, and now was falling asleep again.

Bert Wright was in his kitchen reading the Sunday paper when from the corner by the door came the sharp ring of a bell. "Bird's come back, mother," he said briskly. He crossed the yard and climbed to the loft over the old bakehouse where were kept the pigeons that formed his chief interest in life.

A few minutes later he came rushing back, crying: "It's Joey. Henry's ship's sunk; he's afloat in one of the boats—eighteen of 'em. He's given the position and everything. Where's my shoe? I must telephone the police."

Mrs. Wright was a woman of resource. "Police be blown!" she said. "Phone the Admiralty, they're the people as deals with ships. They'll send aeroplanes and warships."

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TO A SOLDIER

You heard the stir of bugles clear,

Through vibrant spaces blow,

And battle's mighty drums roll near—

Triumphant, deep and slow,

You spared no deed of manly worth,

Nor shall it be in vain:

Through noble sacrifice this earth

Shall know not strife again;

You did not plead your destiny,

Or shun the scars of war;

Yours is not death—but victory,

And peace for evermore.

—Margorie R. Clark.

Soothes rough Chapped Skin



The trade-mark Vaseline is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company.

HEENZO COUGH REMEDY WILL SAVE YOU MONEY

Making your own family cough remedy is one way you can save money. Just add a little of concentrated "HEENZO" to sweetened water and you make one pint or the equal of eight bottles of the very best ready mixed cough remedies that would cost up to £1. "HEENZO" costs only 2/1 and you will be delighted with its flavour and the speedy way it soothes sore throats, eases the chest, and quickly relieves coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, sore throats and influenza. ***

BREAKFAST ON THE SPIRIT OF PROGRESS



Kellogg's Corn Flakes are not just another cereal; they are the richest in energy value. Give your whole family crisp, crunchy, delicious Kellogg's Corn Flakes every morning.



OFF THE PANTRY SHELF . . .

• Here are delicious, easily-prepared, balanced meals planned by Olwen Francis, Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly . . . Keep them by you !

THE wise housewife plans for likely emergencies — unexpected guests or restricted supplies. Hoarding is anti-social, but each household should store stocks for approximately one week's supply for each member.

Stores advised are dried and bottled fruits and vegetables, dried herbs, especially parsley, dried milk, tinned soups and meats and cooking fats, sealed flour and biscuits and cereals (avoiding long storage of oatmeal or wholemeal).

Tea, coffee (ersatz or the real thing), sugar, salt, and selected flavorings should also be stored in small quantities.

Menus and recipes given here are from canned and packaged foods.

QUICK BEEF CREOLE

Twelve ounces tinned beef, 1 large onion, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 1½ cups water, 1 tablespoon hot chutney, 1½ teaspoons Worcestershire sauce, pinch of nutmeg, pinch of ground ginger, pepper and salt.

Slice and fry the onion, add the flour and brown. Stir in the water and seasonings and simmer 5 minutes. Add the sliced meat and heat thoroughly.

SAVORY RICE MOULD
Two ounces rice, 1 onion, salt and pepper. Any of the following: 2 tablespoons sharp, grated cheese, 2 tablespoons chutney, 2 tablespoons tomato puree, 2 tablespoons chopped bacon, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley.

Cook the rice in fast boiling, salted water; drain and rinse. Chop the onion and saute for 5 minutes in hot fat. Combine the rice, onion and desired flavoring. A beaten egg may be added. Press into small, well-greased moulds, and reheat in oven or steamer.

PEACH TOPSY TURVIES

Six ounces scone dough, 6 peach halves, sugar and spice.

Grease an 8-inch sandwich tin thickly and sprinkle with sugar and spice. Arrange peach halves in tin. Knead scone dough lightly and divide into six pieces. Shape each into a round and press on each peach half. Cook in hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 20 minutes. Turn out, peaches on top, and serve hot.

THE EMERGENCY shelf was responsible for the menu pictured above. Croquettes from tinned beef, pickled peaches, peas, and savory rice, jellied apple with oatmeal biscuits, tinned cheese, and coffee to follow.

MACARONI CHEESE CROQUETTES

Two cups cooked macaroni, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon chutney, 1 cup thick white sauce, brown bread-crums, frying fat.

Combine macaroni, cheese, sauce and flavorings. Shape into croquettes and deep fry until hot and brown.

PINEAPPLE FLAPJACKS

Half cup wholemeal flour, ½ cup white flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 1 tablespoon milk powder, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon melted butter or dripping, 1 cup grated pineapple, ½ cup water.

Sift dry ingredients, add lemon rind, and then remaining ingredients, mixing to a thick batter. Cook spoonfuls on a hot, greased griddle or frying pan, turning to brown. Serve hot with honey or thickened pineapple syrup.

Pantry-Shelf Menus

No. 1

Minted Pineapple Juice
Quick Beef Creole
Savory Rice Glazed Carrots
Peach Topsy Turvies

No. 2

Canned Oxtail Soup
Macaroni Cheese Croquettes
Diced Beets Shredded Cabbage
Sharp Sauce
Compote of Fruit

No. 3

Sweet Corn Croquettes with Tomato Puree
Hot Pressed Beef
Brown Onion Sauce
Parsley Potatoes
Pineapple Flapjacks with Honey

Says Mrs. Mary Holiday, who gives you here a few friendly washing tips.

THE OTHER day I slipped in to see a friend's six-months-old baby—a beautiful child. It wasn't long before Mother began tackling me about the care of her baby's woollies. "Just look at that little coat, Mrs. Holiday," she went on, "all shrunken and yellow and only three times washed!"

I'm afraid it was only too true. But as I pointed out, with proper treatment it really is quite easy to keep the soft fleeciness of new wool.

The most important thing to remember is to wash it in nice cool suds. Now, Persil gives you really thorough

cleansing, even in cool water. And it's so gentle—just what you want for delicate woollies.

Well, here's the best way to keep a woolly soft and cuddly.

1. Pop the garment into cool suds and squeeze them gently through and through—never rub two woollen surfaces together. Lay any very soiled part flat on one hand and lightly rub with the other. Wash quickly, taking the woolly out of the water as soon as possible. Incidentally, you'll find your woolly will be in and out in a jiffy if you simply follow the directions on the Persil packet and use one heaped tablespoonful to

every gallon of water. And that's a tip that goes for nappies and linens as well as woollies.

2. Rinse the garment several times to remove all dirty suds. To prevent shrinking see that the rinsing waters are the same temperature as your suds. Don't twist or wring the woolly, but roll it in a thick towel and press out the moisture. (This also helps it to dry more quickly and is another safeguard against shrinkage.)

3. Dry the woolly inside out and lay flat, away from direct heat. If you're dealing with a little jacket or any top wear, pack it to its

original shape with tissue paper or muslin, so that no two wet surfaces touch. Turn now and again while it's drying.

You won't need to press hand-knit garments. But machine-made woollies are better for a light pressing, using a warm iron over muslin.

If there's anything I haven't made clear, drop me a line (P.O. Box 773H, Melbourne).

Mary Holiday

P.176.2



TEMPTING RECIPES

• Homemakers win cash prizes every week in our popular cookery competition. Send us your best recipe—it may collect the main prize for you!

Now try out the six given below.



ONIONS are natural to steak, but have you tried them as a stuffing—whole onions in the centre of a steak, which after being marinated for two days and braised two hours is as tender as a chicken's breast. This prize recipe came through the post at the right time; it suits the weather and the pocket and the appetite.

Before I read Mrs. Mackie's address I knew she was a good country woman. The recipe for eggless brownie reminds me of long, busy days on the farm. Holidays for me, of course. Thank you, Mrs. Mackie.

The curried lettuce recipe is intended for those housewives who can stand back and admire their lawns-turned-into-garden-plots. Curried lettuce tastes good, but keep the

hearts for salads. The peanut slice is a good idea for the luncheon box, and so is the boiled fruit cake (an old favorite); when eggs are dear, it's a recipe worth including in our lists.

The steamed apple fluffy pudding from Victoria is a bright thought for a cold night.

SHARP BRAISED STEAK

Two pounds topside or round steak, cut fairly thin, 1 cup water, 1 cup vinegar, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce (or lemon juice), few sprigs parsley and mint, 2 or 3 leaves of thyme, 3 or 4 small onions, 3 or 4 cloves, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 small tin of tomato soup or ½ pint stock or water, pepper and salt.

Cover meat with water and vinegar, sauce and herbs. Leave two days in the coolest available spot; turn the meat several times. Drain the meat, reserving the liquor. Fold the meat over with the clove-stuck onions in the centre. Skewer firmly into shape and fry lightly on both sides in the dripping. Remove meat from the pan and brown the flour. Stir in the tomato soup or stock and stir in the liquor in which the meat was marinating, adding altogether at least one pint of liquid. Place the meat in this liquid, and cover tightly (casserole or saucepan). Cook very slowly about 2 hours. This meal will be very tender and flavorful.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. D. Jones, Broughton St., Campbelltown, N.S.W.

FRICASSEE OR WHITE STEW

Meats Suitable: Chump or neck chops, veal chops, tripe, brains, rabbit, poultry.

Ingredients: To 1 lb. meat, 1 pint water, 1 onion, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ pint milk, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 dessert-spoon chopped parsley.

Cut the meat into one-inch dice or service-sized pieces. Blanch rabbit, brains and tripe by covering with cold water, bringing slowly to the boil and then draining. Place meat, sliced onion, pepper and salt in heated water. Simmer gently until the meat is tender, usually 1 to 2 hours. Drain off half the liquid and add the milk and blended flour. Simmer three minutes and add the parsley.

VARIATIONS

1. Add celery, carrots, green peas, mushrooms or peeled tomatoes, allowing just enough time for cooking.

2. Add currant powder, raisins, grated apple and lemon rind to taste.

3. Top with small, well-seasoned suet dumplings, lifting out and keeping hot when the stew is thickened before serving.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. R. Mackie, Waterdale, Sandy Flat, N.S.W.

CURRIED LETTUCE

Two lettuce, 1 onion, 1 teaspoon curry powder, butter.

This is a good way of using lettuce grown in one's own garden. Choose good-size lettuce, wash well,

and put into pot with a little salted water. Cook slowly until nice and tender. Then drain and chop up with a sharp knife.

Grate onion and add to lettuce, then add a small piece of butter and the curry powder. Serve hot with chops or other meat dish; also good served with cold meat.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. McLean, 39 Barden St., Tempe, N.S.W.

APRICOT PEANUT SLICE

One cup self-raising flour, 1b. butter or dripping, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg.

Rub butter or dripping, well into flour, add sugar, mix with well-beaten egg, and form into stiff paste. Turn on to floured board, knead slightly, and divide in two. Have ready a greased sandwich tin about the size of a pudding plate. Roll out one piece to just fit, lay in tin, and spread with apricot jam. Roll out other piece, spread on top, brush over with milk, and thickly strew with chopped peanuts. Bake in a moderate oven 20-30 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss G. McCull, Altona, Ararat, Vic.

STEAMED APPLE FLUFFY TOP

Mix 2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon dripping (rub in); make into dough with equal parts milk and water. Grease a pudding basin with butter and slice 1 apple in the bottom, then cover with a layer of dough about 1 inch thick, then slice 2 apples on to the layer of dough and finish off with sugar, add tablespoon water, then put remainder of dough on top and steam 1½ hours. Serve with sweet white sauce. This pudding is like a snowball covered in apples and as light as a feather.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Jean Baker, Redlands, Springhurst, Vic.

BOILED FRUIT CAKE

One cup sugar, 1 cup water, ½ cup butter, 1 cup seeded raisins, 1 cup currants, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon, 1 teaspoon salt.

WHAT a meal for a hungry man! The sharp steak, stuffed with whole onions, is as tender as the recipe claims. It is served here with cabbage wedges, cooked in the waterless way.

Put all ingredients in a saucepan and boil for 2 or 3 minutes, then set aside to cool. Add 2 cups flour sifted with 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda, flavor with lemon essence, pour

into well-greased cake tin and bake in moderate oven 1 hour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Mary Burke, Emmet Downs, Emmet, Qld.



MIRA PLUM JAM by
Rosella



UTILISE all left-over scraps of wool, provided it's two-ply, and make this cosy coverlet. A coarser wool will give you larger squares, as you well know. Quantity of wool required for making the coverlet shown on the bonny little chap in the picture, also abbreviations, is given below.

MATERIALS REQUIRED:

FIFTEEN ounces 2-ply will make the whole cover of 288 squares, so from that you can judge how many colors you will amalgamate in the whole cover, and the proportion of ounces needed; use a crochet hook No. 11, when each square should measure 2½ inches, making a cover measuring 33 inches by 65, with the edging.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; sl., slip; st., stitch.

The coverlet is worked in a medley of colors, but the same color is always used for the last row of each square to match the scalloped border.

The crochet squares are worked in treble-stitch.



THIS IS THE ACTUAL SIZE of the square. Each square measures 2½ x 2½ inches. These squares are sewn together, of course, with wool, and when sufficient are assembled, a scalloped border is worked in crochet.

Crochet this!

Gay, cosy coverlet ... for cot or bed

- All your odd lengths of wool will go into the making of it—the brighter the better.

THIS colorful cot or bed cover can be made any size you like. The close-up photograph of a complete square (shown below) will help you with the working.

TO WORK THE SQUARES

Begin with 6 ch. and sl-st. to first st. to form a ring.

1st Round: 3 ch. for the first tr. then 2 tr. into the ring to make the first group; 2 ch. and 3 tr. into the ring 3 times, 2 ch. and sl-st. to top of first 3 ch. to join.

2nd Round: Sl-st. into top of next tr. (taking up both loops at the top of the st.) 3 ch. which will stand for the first tr. of this group, 4 tr. more in the same place, 1 ch. 3 tr. into the next sp. between groups; 1 ch. 5 tr. into the top of the third tr. of the next group; repeat from * twice more than 1 ch., 3 tr. in next sp., 1 ch. and sl-st. to top of ch. at the beginning of the round.

3rd Round: Sl-st. to middle of first group, then work as 2nd round, with two groups of 3 tr. on each side of the square between the 5 tr. corner groups.

4th Round: As 2nd round with three groups on the side, but no ch. between the groups. (This round should be worked in the main color, and every square finished in that color, with the outside edging to match. The 2nd and 3rd rounds can be worked in two harmonising colors, when a very pleasing medley will be obtained.)

5th Round: In main color as 4th round. 1 d.c. into each st. except the cornermost st. where put 3 d.c. to "square" the corner. At the end sl-st. to first st. and fasten off.

Sew the squares together by the d.c. edge with the same colored wool, taking 1 st. through 1 d.c. then through the corresponding d.c. on the second square.

THE BORDER

Beginning in the fourth d.c. after the corner, make 1 sl-st. to join, then 3 ch. to stand for the first st. 1 ch. and 1 tr. into the same st. twice, * 1 ch., miss 2 d.c. on the edge, 1 d.c. in the next st. 1 ch., miss 2 d.c., 1 tr. in the next st., then 1 ch. and 1 tr. into the same st. as the last tr. twice; repeat from * to the corner and arrange that the group of 3 tr. with 1 ch. between comes in the cornermost st., then 1 ch., 1 d.c. in the second st. from the corner, and continue all round in the same way; at the end make 1 ch. and sl-st. to top of 3 ch. at beginning of round.

2nd Round: Sl-st. into the top of the middle tr. of the first group, then make a group as at the beginning of last round; continue as last round, but put 4 tr. into the centre tr. of the groups below and work the d.c. into the d.c. between the groups of last round. At the corners put 5 tr. into the middle tr. of the corner group below. After the last d.c. make 1 ch. and sl-st. to top of first 3 ch.

Press on wrong side with a hot iron over a damp cloth, and a thick blanket underneath.

Winter and Summer alike these 2 Wheat Foods are Vital



BIXIES

... the popular "Good-morning" breakfast that thousands enjoy. Crispy browned flakes of pure whole wheat made extra delicious and extra good by the addition of malt and honey!



WINTER and Summer alike, these two popular breakfast foods are essential to your child's health. Containing those body-building, energy-giving elements that are found in pure whole wheat—and which scientists say children MUST HAVE to enjoy radiant vitality and perfect physical fitness—they ensure sturdy growth and help to build up inner resistance to Winter ills and chills. Because of this you should serve Weet-Bix, or Bixies, ALL THE YEAR 'ROUND—with cold milk or stewed fruits in the Summer and HOT milk in the Winter. Equally delicious whichever way you serve them and so much quicker... Obtainable from all grocers.



SERVE THEM HOT ON COLD MORNINGS

For regular health, every child needs "bulk" or roughage. Weet-Bix and Bixies contain roughly 12% bran, the great natural enemy of constipation.

WARM SUIT...

for your little son



WHEN ORDERING this suit please quote No. 241.

THIS cosy little suit (241) would look so bonny on your wee boy! It is available from our Needlework Department traced, ready to cut out, machine, and then embroider, on best quality winceyette in the pastel shades of lemon, pink, green, white, and cream.

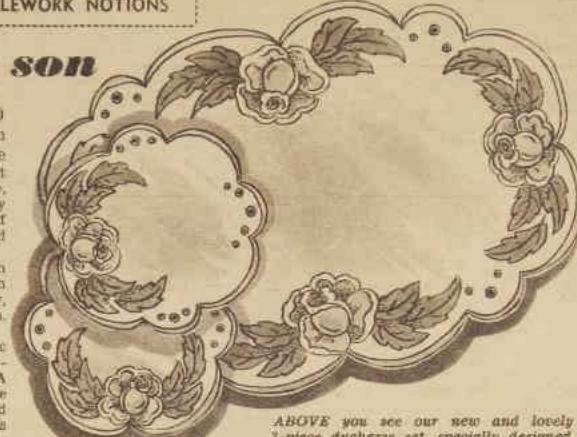
It is also available traced on lunaria, a summer-time fabric which is well known for its wearing quality, in cream, blue, lemon, pink, green, and white.

The design features a delicate chintz motif on the front which looks adorable worked in shades to tone. A small Peter Pan collar finishes the neckline. The sleeves are long and full and so warm, and the bodice is finished with three small necks. The pants are gathered into the leg and a belt completes the outfit.

Prices, to fit kiddies from 1 to 2 years, 3/6; 2 to 4 years, 4/3. Plus 6d. postage.

If you prefer to use your own material, a paper pattern is available for 1/4, and the transfer can be had for 1/6 extra.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



ABOVE you see our new and lovely 3-piece duchesse set, specially designed for fireside embroidery. Read all about it.

A lovely 3-piece duchesse set

THIS charmingly-designed

Rose duchesse set is very new and very beautiful. It is obtainable from our Needlework Department traced on best quality sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, green, and white.

The large centre mat measures 12 x 17 inches, and the two smaller mats measure 8 x 8 inches.

The embroidery may be worked in stem-stitch in outline only, or it may be entirely filled in with a fine satin-stitch. The small holes are worked in buttonhole-stitch and the

set has a buttonhole edge as a finishing touch.

The complete set costs 2/11, plus 4d. for postage.

If you want a set to brighten up your dressing-table or add to your box, here is the very thing.

SEND TO THIS ADDRESS:

Adelaide: Box 388A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 488F, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 185C, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 210, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 185C, G.P.O. If calling, 170 Castlecrag SL Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney Office.

Itching Fiery CHILBLAINS HEALED



One cold snap then my hands would be a mass of burning, itching chilblains.

Typing was torture. I hated people to see my red swollen fingers. Nothing did the slightest good.

Now I know why Rexona soothes. It contains SIX proved healing medicaments that make it the perfect remedy for all skin troubles.



O.13.22

Let fresh air into that car!

• Dizziness, nausea, drowsiness, and intense headaches are caused by riding in tightly-closed cars.

—Says MEDICO.

RIDING in closed cars may result in an intense headache.

The headache is caused by fumes of carbon monoxide. This gas is generated by car engines.

It is tasteless, odorous, and colorless.

The gas is normally carried off by way of the exhaust. If there is a leak anywhere in the exhaust system, the gas is likely to enter the interior of the car.

Carbon monoxide headache may be accompanied by dizziness, smarting of the eyes, nausea, drowsiness, and lack of co-ordination of the muscles.

End Eczema Tortures Forever

No Need to Suffer Another Day

There is one simple yet inexpensive way to stop the itching and torture of eczema instantly, and that is to apply Moone's Emerald Oil night and morning, and people who suffer any embarrassing or disfiguring skin trouble would be wise to banish it before it reaches a more or less chronic stage.

Ask any chemist for an original two-ounce bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil (full strength) and refuse to accept anything in its place. It is such a highly concentrated preparation that two ounces last a long time, and further, if this wonderful discovery does not give you complete satisfaction you can have your money refunded***

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS—

SIMPLE HOME TREATMENT

Unightly hairs can be permanently banished simply, painlessly, and without harming the skin by the use of

"VANIX"

This preparation from the formula of Paul Van Schuyler, dermatologist, and completely destroys the hair tissues. VANIX, in 1/2 oz. bottles (postage 6/6s), is obtainable from Hallam Pty. Ltd., 100 George St., Sydney, and all 12 branches; Swift's Pharmacy, 375 Pitt St.; Collins St.; Melba, The Royal Empress, Pitt St.; McRae, A. Edwards, 226 Edwards St., Brisbane; and Birks Chemists Ltd., 55 Hindle St., Adelaide.



RIDING in a tightly-closed car is bad, even dangerous to health and well-being of small people.

It is wise to make sure, always, that the interior of a car is well ventilated. Unless the occupants of a car have sufficient fresh air they may be exposing themselves to a grave risk of ill-health from chronic gas-poisoning.

The danger is greater in the cold, wet winter months, when the car is more likely to be tightly closed.

Of course, everyone to-day knows the danger of keeping the engine running in a closed garage. But not everyone realizes the important need for ventilating a garage when it contains a car fitted with a gas-producer.

Driving in from a long run on "gas," the furnace is hot, and gas generation will continue for a while. If there is any leak in the gas pipe from the producer to the engine, the garage can easily fill with a dangerous mixture of carbon monoxide.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Take care of baby feet

THE national need for well-shaped healthy feet, free from the many foot deformities which often handicap and cripple the unfortunate possessors throughout life, has perhaps never been stressed so much as it is at the present time.

Poor posture, impaired physical health and frayed nerves in later life can be caused by badly-treated feet in infancy and early childhood.

As has been said, it is the responsibility of all parents to protect the rising generation from the physical vice of deformed feet.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free if a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney. Envelope envelope "Mothercraft."

YOU MEAN IT DOES ALL THAT FOR MY COLD?



YES, SON—THIS ONE SIMPLE TREATMENT RELIEVES ALL THOSE MISERIES...THAT'S WHY IT ENDS COLDS FASTER!



CLEAR'S STUFFY NOSE?



SOOTHES SORE THROAT?



EASES TIGHT CHEST AND COUGH?

with every breath. They clear stuffy nose, soothe sore throat, relieve coughing. At the same time

WARMING POULTICE ACTION ON THE SKIN.

VapoRub also acts on chest, throat, and back like an old-time poultice, loosening tightness, "drawing out" pain, working with the vapours to break up congestion. Relaxed and comfortable, the child soon falls off to sleep, and while he sleeps VapoRub keeps on working. By morning, almost always, the worst of the cold is over.

MORE—AND STILL MORE USERS! Up, up, up goes the use of Vicks VapoRub as new MILLIONS of mothers discover this modern way of easing colds—miseries without internal "dosing". Now, in 71 countries, over 30 million jars of VapoRub are used every year.

VICKS
VAPORUB

NOW..IN 71 COUNTRIES..OVER 30 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

Soft and fleecy—knit it now!

MORNING GLORY COAT

• Cosiest, softest hand-knit you've ever slipped into... Specially designed for the larger figure, and anyone can make it!

JHIS coat is certainly the answer to the housewife's prayer for a light and cosy coat for early morning wear.

It will prove a boon and a blessing to the tired war-worker and the business woman who love nothing more at the end of a long, wearying day than to relax comfortably, yet attractively, by their own fireside.

It is a coat that will also prove useful to the young mother and the mother-to-be.

Sleeves fall to the elbows (for practical reasons). A decorative touch is given by the darning stitch to yoke and binding at hem, to collar and front edgings. This is worked in a contrasting wool.

Anyone can knit it—just follow these instructions closely and immediate success will be yours.

THE COAT

Materials: Paton's bonny sports wool, 22oz. Small quantity of contrast 4-ply super fingering. 1 pair No. 4 knitting needles.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 26ins. Width all round at underarm, 36-38ins. Length of sleeve underarm, 7ins.

Tension: 4 stitches to inch in width.

THE RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 50 stitches.

1st Row: Knit plain.

2nd Row: Purl.

Repeat 1st and 2nd rows until work measures 17ins from commencement. Cast off 4 stitches at armhole edge, purl to end of row.

1st Row: K 9, p 1. * (k 2 tog.) twice, p 1, repeat from * five times, k 4, k 2 tog.

2nd Row: K 1, p 4 (k 1, p 2) six times, k 1, p 8, k 1.

3rd Row: Increase once in first stitch, k 8, p 1 (k 2, p 1) six times, k 3, k 2 tog.

4th Row: K 1, p 3 (k 1, p 2) six times, k 1, p 9, k 1.

5th Row: K 10, p 1 (k 2, p 1) six times, k 3, k 2 tog.

6th Row: K 1, p 2 (k 1, p 2) six times, k 1, p 8, k 1.

7th Row: Increase once in 1st stitch, k 9, p 1 (k 2, p 1) six times, k 1, k 2 tog.

8th Row: K 1, p 1 (k 1, p 2) six times, k 1, p 10, k 1.

Continue in this manner, increasing once at neck edge in 3rd and every following 4th row until 39 stitches remain on needle.

Shape for the shoulder, still increasing at front edge, as follows:

1st Row: Work to last 6 stitches, turn.

2nd and Alternate Rows: Work to end of row.

3rd Row: Work to last 12 stitches, turn.

5th Row: Work to last 18 stitches, turn. Cast off.

Work left front the same working the shapings at opposite end of the needle.

Facing for Lapels: Cast on 12 stitches.

Work 5 rows in stocking-stitch, increase once at beginning of next and every following 4th row until there are 24 stitches on needle. Cast off. Make another lapel, working increases at opposite end of needle.



THE BACK

Cast on 80 stitches.

1st Row: Knit plain.

2nd Row: Purl.

Repeat 1st and 2nd rows 22 times.

Decrease once at beginning and end of next and every following 10th row until 72 stitches remain.

Continue without shaping until work measures the same as front to underarm.

Cast off 4 stitches at beginning of next 2 rows. Decrease once at beginning and end of next and every alternate row until 56 stitches remain. Work until armhole measures the same as the front.

Shape for the shoulder as follows:

1st and 2nd Rows: Work to last 6 stitches, turn.

3rd and 4th Rows: Work to last 12 stitches, turn.

5th and 6th Rows: Work to last 18 stitches, turn.

7th Row: Work to end of row, Cast off.

THE SLEEVES

Cast on 48 stitches. Work 3 rows stocking-stitch. Increase once at each end of needle in next and every 6th row until there are 56 stitches on needle. Work 9 rows. Decrease once at beginning of every row until 26 stitches remain. Cast off. Make another sleeve in the same manner.

POCKET

Cast on 12 stitches. Working in stocking-stitch, work 1 row, then increase once at beginning and end of next 3 rows, then in every alternate row twice (22 stitches). Continue without shaping until pocket measures 4ins. Cast off.

Band for Pocket Top: Cast on 22 stitches. Work 11 rows stocking-stitch. Cast off.

Bands for Bottom of Coat: Cast on 180 stitches. Work in stocking-stitch, increase once at each end of needle in 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th rows, 6th row without increase, decrease once at each end of needle in 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th rows, 11th row without decrease. Cast off.

Bands for Fronts, Work Two: Cast on 106 stitches and work as given for bottom of coat.

Band for Neck: Cast on 64 stitches and work as given for bottom of coat.

Bands for the Bottom of Sleeves: Cast on 48 sts, and work as given for pocket top.

TO MAKE UP THE COAT

With a damp cloth and warm iron, press carefully. Sew up the side, shoulder, and sleeve seams, sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Join bands and with right sides facing seam to coat, turn under and slip-stitch other edge to inside. Sew pocket in position. With contrast wool work in running-stitch all around binding about 1 inch from inside edge, also on yoke, working on puri rib.

HERE you see the cosy coat made from bonny sports wool, designed for those with 36 to 38-inch bust measurement. It can be worn comfortably by size 40. Quick to knit, and easy to knit, it will prove a boon and a blessing to every woman who makes it for herself.

"Damp-set" YOUR HAIR



"Corinthian"
Style by
Max Boxerman, Sydney



HOLLYWOOD'S WAY TO THRILLING WAVES AND CURLS!

Hollywood stars were quick to seize on the amazing damp-setting technique. Now, with VELMOL you can damp-set your hair in thrilling waves and curls—whenever you like!

Takes but four minutes to do... in these THREE EASY STEPS:

1. Run a wet comb through your hair to damp it.
2. Brush a few drops of VELMOL through the hair.
3. Then arrange waves and curls with fingers and comb—just as you wish.

"Damp-set" your hair regularly, and you'll always have deep, firm waves, lustrous, natural-looking, "silky-soft, never, "stiff" or oily."

VELMOL works on any hair—holds a finger-wave for days; keeps any style "salon-fresh" between visits. Ask for VELMOL—at chemist, store or hairdresser. A bottle lasts months.



cooked out of them.

Here's concentrated "bulk".

Fortunately, there's a pleasant way to get that vital "bulk" into your diet. Start off each morning with Kellogg's All-Bran. This specially prepared, nut-sweet breakfast food gives you concentrated "bulk". It forms a soft mass which absorbs water and softens like a sponge. The internal muscles are gently massaged so that natural peristaltic action is restored.

Lack of "bulk" causes irregularity.

The one safe way to end irregularity is by getting at the cause of your trouble. Nine out of ten times, the cause is lack of "bulk". Our modern, over-refined meals usually have the "bulk"

Eat two tablespoonsfuls of Kellogg's All-Bran for breakfast each morning (served with milk and sugar), and inside a week you'll be enjoying healthy regularity. Order a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer right away!



ABOVE is shown an evening coiffure for the bow-loving girl.



QUAINT HAIR STYLE of yesterday worn by Anne Nagel, Universal.



GIRL with longish hair and courage could wear this evening coiffure shown above by Ann Sheridan, of Warner Bros.

Treat for oily hair

If your hair becomes lank and greasy a few days after it is shampooed it is oily. Blonde hair adheres in strands and dark hair often becomes heavy . . .

—Says OUR BEAUTY EXPERT.

COMB the hair every morning with a blunt-toothed comb and brush the hair with vigorous upward strokes for three minutes. If the hair is very greasy, apply hair tonic with a pad of wool down a series of partings.

Night Treatment: Massage the scalp for five minutes with the fingers moistened with tonic or cold water. Set hair and put on cap or net. Keep your brushes and combs scrupulously clean.

Diet: Drink plenty of water; check on constipation, and eat

more vegetables and salads, and less fried and starchy food. Celery, cucumbers and unpeeled apples are particularly good.

Use a stimulating spirit-type tonic, and a pine-tar shampoo (if you can get it) once a week. If the water is hard, add a pinch of borax to each basinful. If your hair is dark, saturate the head with bay rum before setting. A dry shampoo can be used between wet shampoos.

Give oily hair plenty of air and go without a hat as often as possible. Once a month give the head a salt treatment. Massage a tablespoon of kitchen salt into the scalp, leave for half an hour before shampooing as usual.



PROVED by Amazing HALF-HEAD Tests New Shampoo Thrills Thousands!



TESTS SHOW THRILLING DIFFERENCE:
LEFT—Soap-washed side. Hair shaded by "shuttle-like."
RIGHT—Colinated side. Hair shiny-bright.



No other shampoo tested beautified hair so thrillingly—yet left it so easy to handle!

HERE is, perhaps, the strictest, and most convincing test anyone has ever dared to make on a shampoo—a triumph for the exclusive patented "Colinating" process.

In these unique "half-head" tests, one side of the head is washed with Colinated foam—the other with soap or powder shampoo.

1. The Colinated side was far more lustrous and shining. 2. Felt smoother and silkier. 3. Took better permanent

waves, faster. 4. Hair retained more "spring"—fell back into more natural curl. Not a soap—not an oil, this amazing shampoo changes instantly into a magic-cleansing bubble foam that washes away grease, dirt and loose dandruff completely.

No special rinses needed, for there is no "soap scum" or oily residue to remove. Ask your chemist, store or hairdresser to-day for a bottle of Colinated foam Shampoo.

(Costs less than 4d. a shampoo!)

FOR JOYOUS HEALTH

Take Enos!

Infectious gaiety is the outward sign of perfect health. Ensure this by taking a sparkling glass of Enos' "Fruit Salt" first thing every morning to clear the system of poisonous food waste.

Enos costs 2/4d and 3/11.

ENOS FRUIT SALT

BURNS



Treat promptly with IODEX

A NURSE SAYS:

"Iodex is the best application for burns I have ever used. One patient described it as 'truly wonderful the way it takes the burn out of it.'"

★ IODEX is soothing, healing and highly antiseptic and should be in every home.

PRICE 2/-, from all chemists

IODEX
NO-STAIN IODINE

"Thermal" Cream Stops Child's Cold

New "thermal cream" Rub acts 3 ways to Clear Stuffed-up Nose and Break up Croupy Congestion—overnight

Newly introduced to this country—but for long proven by mothers through many blizzardy cold Canadian winters as the quicker—different—better external treatment for children's head and chest colds and sore throats.

Rub Buckley's Wintrol Rub over neck and chest and see how quickly its glowing "thermal" action stops shivery aches and keeps little ones warm and comfortable through the night, while its wonderful 3-way action is driving out the croupy congestion.

Get Buckley's Wintrol Rub—now from any chemist or store

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES SAYS:

THE smart woman next door has a lovely sky-blue enamel shopping basket. Which gave me an idea. I scrubbed my old one, let it dry, and gave it a coat of soft green enamel. Why not copy?

MY feet were very tender with my canteen work. I found, however, that a rub with methylated spirit was like a pep cocktail to them.

KEEP a nail-file in your work-basket. Marvelous aid when turning in a hem or binding.



Gibbs **SOLID** Dentifrice
in the New Ivory container

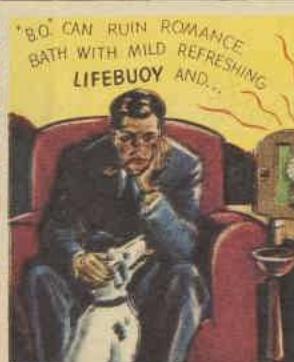
Large container of 1/8
Large Refill (lasts about 5 months) 1/4

G.J.24.



"—And so, John, I am returning your engagement ring..."

Two months from our wedding day—then Betty's fateful letter. True, I had noticed her growing coolness once or twice. But this I never expected. To cap it all, she seemed to hint the fault was mine.



The days seemed so long — how could I get through them. One night I tuned in Australia's Amateur Hour. The announcer was mentioning "B.O." Could that be why she changed—because I had stopped using Lifebuoy.

No chances for me! M'mm, that Lifebuoy lather seemed better than ever . . . So zippy, clean smelling, refreshing. Best of all, a Lifebuoy bath made you feel well-groomed.

Last week I met her by accident. This time I was sure of myself. Soon, I hope, she will be mine once more.

